

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## DEACON CHUBB.

WELL, little Hannah is off for a little more schooling at Miss Mills's Seminary, and her twin, Hanan, who was never parted from her before, and I, are finding it pretty lonesome here at Spring-hill. He is out helping his pa to-day, and I've been clearing up the attic. I picked up one of the old purple covered "Scribner's Mags.," and at noon lunch they are down in the far meadow and don't come up at mid-day.

I read over for company the tale of "Mr. Winthrop's Absent-mindedness," how natural it seemed to me! And I hope it isn't a wickedness for me to tell of some of the forgetfulness of Mr. Chubb.

To begin at the beginning, Timothy Chubb was the schoolmaster at Lullville district school for a good many winters. Hannah Brown and I, Hannah White, had grown to be among the big girls who sat quite back by the windows looking down the Main street, supposed to have strength of mind sufficient to keep us from gazing on the outside world, and I'll say for Hannah Brown that the back of her fair little neck, with its cunning, short goldy curls (once she reproved me for saying they were fit for angels' wedding rings) was the brightest glimpse passers-by had of her, she was so fair the scholars had a way of calling her "white Hannah Brown," and me, a good tan color at all times, "brown Hannah White."

A dutiful, good scholar was she, as

well as a delight to the eyes, and I loved her dearly.

Good friends we were always, and "the master" was, and is one of the best of men, very near-sighted and short of memory. He used to sigh sometimes after making some funny blunder, that he "wished he could get a pair of spectacles to keep his mind clear," but the worst boys in school believed in his goodness, and usually improved, and I, active enough as to things outside of books, learned to look out for his odd abstractions, and help him "like a mother," as he said, though he was half a score of years older than me.

And he was so friendly to the Hannahs in those days, that, perhaps, we each of us lost a little bit of our eighteen-year-old hearts.

I hadn't the vanity to think of comparing myself with Hannah Brown, no, not in any way, did not always heed school rules, and made absurd recitations, beside being inclined to chatter and laugh at wrong times—oh! the merry school days!—and was not always respectful to dear old Timothy. Of course, I had always, nearly always, in mind that the Lord had made me a gypsy-brown homely little thing, and the other Hannah was a lily!

Still, I will confess. It was toward the close of his last winter term when Mr. Chubb, after Wednesday evening singing school, walked home with us regularly, the longest way around, which took us past the Browns' house, where we left

Hannah, though sometimes we went in for an extra "sing," but he usually stayed at our house till ma would rouse from her nap in the rocker, rub her glasses, and say, "I'd no idea it was so late, I must 'a been asleep," then Timothy would leave with some word about the pleasant walk and company, and the lonesomeness of Springhill.

So I confess my surprise when Hannah, one morning, showed to me a little note from the schoolmaster. She looked very happy, and was blushing so prettily. I thought, "You are the sweetest-looking lassie that ever was seen."

And thinking so how could I be surprised when I read what he had written to her?

"Hannah, may I call you dear Hannah? I have so long tried to say by word of mouth, what I ask you this way. I love you very much, my dearest Hannah. You know just what the old place is at Springhill, and what a slow old fellow I am. Perhaps it will be dull for a gay girl, but if you *could* be happy there as my wife, how happy I would be. If you tell me you cannot I'll bear it as best I can, and hope always you think kindly of

"Yours faithfully,

"TIMOTHY CHUBB."

Hannah said Mr. Chubb had given her this note—it was a simple folded slip of paper—when the grammar class was dismissed. On the outside of it was written, "Rejoicing in Hope." Sometimes he gave us subjects for the "compositions" for the next week. He had given me one which I did not quite understand, just the name "Hannah." Why he had chosen that name for a subject I had been about to ask him to explain, but now it was clear that he who knew my regard for Hannah Brown would like one of my "flowery essays," as he called them, on a theme so dear.

I gave back to her the lover's letter and didn't need to ask what the answer was to be; her shy, sweet smiles showed, and if I did that hour swallow a sigh of pity for my own silly dreams, still there was cause for thankfulness it was not a compound fracture of the fraction of heart I suffered, and I was glad for frail Hannah Brown that no dreaded school teaching was before her, but the good T. Chubb would care for her right tenderly. The *name* I meditated one could well live without, and I scribbled before commencing my composition (which was a glowing eulogy on "Friendship and the name of Hannah"):

"This old maid's banner is *white* forever,  
Its staff is Hannah, she'll give it up never."

The answer which my dear gave to the master the next day—she showed it to me—rose-tinted and so daintily written:

"DEAR MR. CHUBB:—I have long thought very much of you. I shall try to make you a good wife.

"Yours very truly,

"HANNAH BROWN.

"P. S.—Please excuse me from writing the composition, but I think I, too, am 'rejoicing in hope.'"

Poor little pale, pinky note. I found that, too, in the attic, but I anticipate as I did, wrongly, in my brave assertion of never furling the WHITE banner and taking another name.

The very next summer, instead of the lady teacher usually engaged for the term, we had a slim, elegant young graduate from Oberlin, who wished to practice teaching, he said, and eke out his income, and the "boarding around" he thought would be "unique and delightful."

The parents of the younger children looked askance at the studies which so largely took the place of "the three r's," and the instruction in sewing which had been a part of the summer scheme of

education, the older girls—and there were a half-dozen of us able to attend—thought it a fine opportunity to study English literature and botany, and pleasant were our tramps

"Over the meadow and down by the mill,  
On through the forest and up on the hill,"

though Reginald confided to me that he had never studied botany himself. Reginald Routledge Farleigh was his name, only a degree less beautiful we thought than his own exquisite self.

Timothy and Hannah were happily settled on Springhill. What pleasant breaks we made in our walks, stopping at the spring-house, where she and Debby were making butter ready with creamy milk and light-bread for the weary tramps, and before long Reginald seemed quite settled at the White homestead, and the boarding around rounded up there. Then people began to talk as they will in small towns of an "engagement," and one day, as I sat by the hammock where he lazily and gracefully reclined, I lamented the shade of tan which darkened my already dark skin. "Came with the March winds," I said, "and came to stay."

"Because it likes the sweet companionship of yourself, dear gypsy maid," remarked our gentle teacher, "as I do," he continued, "and would forever," springing up so actively from the hammock I thought him in earnest. "Yes, I should consider myself an altogether favored mortal if I might dwell always with you, if you would take my name and me."

Ah, well!

"Both were young and one was beautiful."

That one was poor Reggie, and I, poor Hannah, the beauty lover.

And so before the snow was flying we were also "settled." Never very comfortably I'll say, for though he lived twenty years, he was from first to last a handsome, inconsequent boy to whom Hannah was of no consequence.

And the White farm did not improve under his management, and law studies pursued at odd times in the hammock did not make him the "judge" he aspired to be, and he was trying as an undieting dyspeptic invalid, I'll allow, yet when he sickened and was the first to go with the fever that prevailed at Lullville three autumns ago, it was comfort to care for him tenderly and to hear at last some loving words of thanks for "the good wife the Lord had given him."

Poor mother soon followed him. It was a desolate home.

I, thank Heaven, kept well to nurse others, but even the Chubbs on their healthy hill-place came down with the fever—Hannah and the twins—and glad I was to be able to go for them, but my old friend went into a quick consumption, so sweet and heavenly-minded, it was like being in Beulah land to be with her those few months.

Then after she was gone, Timothy seemed to take it for granted I would stay on, housekeeper, and caring for Hanan and little Hannah, so like her pretty young mother.

Aged and absent-minded Timothy was then, and needed me to be a memory for many little affairs in daily life, though I noticed his good heart made him remember if there were a special kindness to be done for any forlorn person.

Deacon Chubb—he is deacon now—is very properly much esteemed, though he doesn't *always* remember when Sunday comes until told, and then would perhaps start for church in the long apron which he wears about the stable, has been known to put the long peacock's feather duster for an umbrella into the carriage. And once when little Prince, the black-and-tan, went with the family to church, the Deacon picked him up, intending to put him out, but carried the puppy hanging on one arm while he passed the plate for morning offering, and didn't think but what it was his handkerchief hanging there

until he went to wipe his perspiring brow, when a "yap" from the dog, and the Deacon's surprised look was too much for the gravity of the people who saw him.

There came a day when I was out picking beans and he came out to help with a wide umbrella which he held over me while he picked as he could with the other hand. Greatly to my surprise, the good man had this communication to make:

"Do you know, Hannah—of course you don't—but before my wife died, she said—it was right after Reginald's death, in the beginning of her illness—I don't believe," said she, "I shall ever get over this, Timothy. If I go I want you, if you can, to get Hannah Fairleigh to take care of you and the children right along. Perhaps some day she wouldn't object to the name of Chubb, though she used to laugh at it so, but it's a *good* name, 'Timothy,' says she. Then she didn't say any more. I knew how her mind was, and mine goes that way, too, and Hannah, if you could—"

"Oh! well, Timothy," says I, half crying, "it's a fair sort of business management. I've never known much about 'love' except the name of it. Poor Reggie was such a boy, and he did love himself so; though, perhaps, I shouldn't say it. And you, I suppose, think I'm a fairly good housekeeper?"

"But, oh! my dear!" said the Deacon, dropping his umbrella to give me a little hug, "you were my very first love, and the note which Hannah thought was for her, written so long ago, was written for you, and the 'composition' subject I remember well, 'Rejoicing in hope,' was for her, but in my sad-forgetful way I mixed the slips and directed a blank one to 'Hannah,' thinking it was my own words. And then when I marked your mischievous face all day, and the next received Hannah's reply, I can never tell you just how I felt, but I was sure Hannah Brown loved me, and Hannah White never did nor could. And truly she was a good and dear wife."

"You could *never* have another so good or dear or lovely," said I, amidst my tears.

"And we were happy," he continued, "as a comfortable Jacob and Leah, but all the old love and longing for you, my Rachel, is here."

And positively, the farmer Chubb in spectacles and overalls looked as handsome to me that moment as any hero of my early dreams. A thrill of happiness, a tide of restfulness made me forget the years.

After this day of sentiment farm-work and the building of a new barn kept the Deacon preoccupied and tired. One afternoon he was called as bearer to our neighbor Peter's burial.

We had a new pastor lately come to us, very young he seemed, but full of heavenly willingness. After the funeral service the minister paused to speak to his deacons and others. Mr. Chubb drawing him one side pointed up to the house, our house, and said:

"Mr. Glenn, I shall soon be needing you. There is the house where you will have to come—up yonder."

Rev. Glenn glanced at the Deacon's face, which that day looked so aged and worried from the week's cares, but he gave him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

"Oh! but you mustn't think of leaving us yet. You have surely a long, useful life before you. Don't talk of dying. How could I spare any 'Aarons and Hurs'?"

"But I shall want you."

"Yes, some day we shall all need the last offices for the sick."

"But I shall want you, Mr. Glenn, for a wedding first, perhaps—my housekeeper, Mrs. Fairleigh, Mr. Glenn."

And Mr. Glenn glanced from the Deacon's face to mine, which was too full of laughter to be seemly in a house of mourning, with an expression of rather shocked embarrassment.



A number of weeks went by; Deacon still so busy and worried. I, too, very busy fitting up the wardrobe for little Hannah's school wear—we still call her "little," though she is a well-grown girl of sixteen, tall, but not so wide as her twin Hanan. We had some small hindrances from the papa's forgetfulness, such as his bringing a melodeon instead of the trunk he was commissioned to get, and hip-high rubber boots large enough for Hanan (at which Hanan rejoiced perceptibly), instead of the tennis shoes for his daughter. And I doubt if he thought of anything like wedding days and brides. Nor was I in this matter going to be a memory to the good man.

But one preparatory lecture evening Rev. Glenn dropped in at tea-time:

"And I thought, Deacon Chubb, I would call and see about what time you would require the pastoral service."

"Oh! I declare, oh!" said Deacon Timothy, looking up brightly, "there is surely no time like the present, is there, Hannah? though I was thinking I'd celebrate with getting myself a new suit of clothes and myself select your wedding gown, my dear, but if you don't mind, Hannah, we'll just join hands now and get our wedding garments afterward. I did remember to buy the wedding ring when I got the license."

The children were called in, and Debby and Nathan, our helpers, and very soon I, too, was a "Chubb." Hanan rubbing his hands gleefully as we sat at the tea-table, over the large frosted plum cake which I had made for their birthday, that it gave the table quite a proper air for a wedding supper. And when Mr. Chubb looked at the date of the license, ten weeks old, I heard the words frequently on his lips, "How could I have forgotten that," without any feeling except amusement, even when wholly forgetting the new name just given me, he said, "Well, Mrs. Fairleigh, you must tell the minister I am the most absent-

minded of men, but *now* I shall rejoice in a good memory."

Yes, but I was thankful the next week when my dear man went to mill that he had "fits of abstraction"—to be sure he dumped the corn sack in the shed, and carried off "to be ground"; the well-stuffed rag-bag, which greatly amused the miller, but he came home without turning the colt around by the long lower road, jogging along the safe level way in his own dreamy fashion, all unconscious that the harness on the colt was broken, a mercy I thought, for the shorter way was very steep and rough.

And again a "Providence ordered the way of the good man" when he forgot to look at letters he had taken from the post office, whereby I had the almost vexation of entertaining some city cousins of his all unexpectedly, while a "quilt" was stretched out on its frame in the dining-room, though they took it so nicely, and seemed pleased to help, and liked everything, so that turned out very nicely.

But how thankful I was that he had not read his summons to be juror in Bayborough, or he would have been on the train which was wrecked that day between Lullville and Bayborough, so near us we were able to do something for the poor people so terribly hurt, of whom my Timothy might have been one.

And who remarked as he read over his letters, remembered after many days, that it was "one of the times when an absence of mind was far better than a presence of body." And perhaps I shall not so much wish that the Deacon *could* be cured of his forgetfulness.

KARIN CASA.

BE cheerful always. If in misery and pain, remember that it is a long lane that has no turning, and that when you do get to that turning you will be out of your trouble.

## SANTA BARBARA.

IN my recent rambles through California I did not visit a more picturesque, quaint, and altogether charming place than Santa Barbara—"the sunset city by the sounding sea," as one enchanted writer has phrased it. In making the tour of the Pacific Coast travelers invariably seek this Mecca. It is the general *rendezvous* of artists and poets, authors and celebrities, who make a study of the quiet, dreamy old town which lies basking in the sunshine 'twixt the mountains and the sun.

In response to an irresistible longing to see this American Naples, in common with other tourists, I turned my face hitherward one bright day, just at the close of the old year. Leaving Los Angeles we wind through the beautiful San Fernando valley, with its thriving villages and innumerable town-sites, the locomotive puffing its way sturdily up the mountains that separate this valley from that of the Santa Clara.

At the summit we plunge through a tunnel more than a mile long, from which we gradually descend toward the sea again, fourteen hundred feet below.

As the train nears Camulos the conductor is besieged with anxious inquiries for the location of "Ramona's" home. With a patient, long-suffering smile he points out, probably for the thousandth time, the long, low adobe structure where Helen Hunt Jackson is supposed to have laid the scene of her entertaining story, which has immortalized the woes of poor Lo and thrown a glamor of somewhat idealized romance about the Indian hero, a trifle too highly colored for history, perhaps, but which makes charming fiction. The white walls of the ranch house gleam through the vivid green and gold of orange trees, and a glimpse of the broad, low

porch suggests the scene of "Felipe" lying on his bed of boughs, attended by the faithful "Allesandro," while the stately señora sits beside, and the girl "Ramona" peeps upon the group from her curtained window within.

Just after leaving Ventura, which has quite a metropolitan air, we begin to sniff the sea breeze, and, sweeping round a curve, the train follows the coast line closely for a distance of twenty-five miles or more. The ocean is calm as a summer lake, her inland waters inclosed by the Channel Islands, lying well out to sea, and there is a notable absence of that chilling atmosphere that characterizes the more Northern seaside resorts of this coast. Not a shadow of fog, and the air soft and warm as June.

The passengers are alert to catch the first glimpse of the sea. The New Yorker who gazes for the first time on the calm waters of the great Pacific seems inspired with awe, and for a moment his loquacious tongue is silent. Presently he recovers himself sufficiently to murmur rapturously to me, "Think of Balboa when from the heights he discovered this body of water. What must his sensations have been?"

Just then Margery chimes in, "Do you see that rough-looking old farmer down the aisle?"

Glancing in the direction indicated, I notice two gentlemen—one with a fine face and form, well-dressed and evidently a man of the world, chatting easily to a little old man clad in a rusty suit of "jeans." His gingham shirt-front, well-worn hat, and unshaven face stamped him as unpretentious and poverty-stricken. Puzzled to know what had aroused Margery's interest in this common-

place individual, I said, after scrutinizing him for a moment, "Well, what of him?"

"Why, do you know, he's a prince in disguise, and has no end of money," she went on, eagerly. "He and that gentleman who sits beside him—who is a civil engineer—have been down to the Sespe ranch, and that old farmer, who hails from Kansas, has offered one hundred thousand dollars in cold cash for the property. Who'd think it? They're going up to Santa Barbara now to see about having the papers drawn."

"It's a fact, madam," interrupts the gentleman in the seat back of us, who has vouchsafed all this information to Margery. "Hardly think it, would ye? Looks more like a tramp than a money king, don't he? Appearances are mighty deceivin' sometimes; can't always tell by the looks of a toad how fur he kin jump. The old gentleman tells me he's tired of plowin' snowbanks in Kansas and he wants to bring his two sons out here to try farmin' in California."

There is a touch of the ancient about Santa Barbara that adds immeasurably to her charms. Her old adobe walls, half in ruins, her quaint Mission of near a century's standing, all speak forcibly of "ye olden times." Gazing down State Street, one sees a wide, smooth boulevard, paved from curb to curb with bituminous rock, affording a magnificent drive-way, two miles in length, right through the centre of the town. At the head of this avenue, and a little to the right, stands the old Mission, with its red tiled roof and cross-crowned towers, in which are poised the Mission bells, whose tones have long since ceased to be musical. There are now a dozen Franciscan monks here, who have charge of the parish, ring the Angelus, hold vesper services, and receive the many visitors who are attracted to these quaint old buildings. No inquisitive Eve has ever stepped within the sacred garden at the rear of the Mission, but a very good view is to be had of it by going up into

the tower. It is beautiful as the garden of Eden could have been, filled with rare and beautiful plants and trees, laden with delicious looking fruit.

In the cemetery close by lie the remains of ten thousand Indians, once devout worshipers in the church. We pass up the stone steps, worn by the pressure of many feet, and enter the Mission. The dim, shadowy aisles which were once thronged with worshipers, are now deserted and silent, save for the footfall of the stranger which echoes loudly on the bare floor. Occasionally some inner door swings noiselessly on its hinges, and a close-shaven monk, in the garb of the order, glides to the altar, reverently crosses himself and kneels to his devotions. The Christmas tapers were yet burning about the Christ child at the shrine of the Virgin, and the dim cathedral light, the weird surroundings, and the awe-inspiring hush that pervaded everything fell like a pall upon one familiar with the outside world. It was with a sigh, half of relief, that we stepped again into the sunshine and warmth of the bright New Year's day.

"Goodness, I feel as if we had been in the catacombs," exclaims Margery, with a shrug and a shiver.

Passing down the long corridor we meet one of the brotherhood quietly pacing the stone floor, his feet encased in moccasins, his loosely flowing robe and coarse, brown cowl adding not a little to his picturesque appearance. "Happy New Year, father," I venture, in reverent tones.

"Ah, ay, child, the same to you, and many of them," is the ready response. Thus encouraged, I ventured farther:

"How long, father, may I ask, since you came to the Mission?"

"Twenty-six years; a long time, is it not?" with a mournful smile. "There are but twelve of us left now. The changes are many since first I trod these sacred halls—only a few of us left," he murmured sadly, then quietly folded his

robe about him and, with a courteous gesture, passed on and disappeared in the shadows of an inner corridor.

Following the winding road that leads past the high walls surrounding the cemetery and garden, we come to Mission Cañon. A pretty bridge swings across the noisy stream that comes tumbling over huge rocks, making miniature cascades and leaping waterfalls. Great, wide-spreading live oaks overshadow the stream, giving under their boughs glimpses of delicate ferns and grasses, growing rank and pale in the shade. Away to the right is a peaceful New England scene, cultivated hill-sides, stretches of rich valleys, meadows, vineyards, and

orchards. White ranch-houses gleam through the trees, whose foliage is fresh and glistening from recent rains. Beyond rise the snow-crowned peaks of the Santa Inez Mountains, shutting away the chilling blasts of old Boreas from this Arcadian vale.

Looking seaward we see the quiet town dreaming in the sunshine, amidst the trees and flowers, with the ocean at her feet. Farther out to sea the hazy heights of Anacapa and her sister islands are penciled against the clear blue sky—and over all a dreamy hush as if Nature were dreaming too. Such is Santa Barbara as I saw it.

HAZEL.

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## HOMEWARD BOUND.

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RAGE not, old Ocean, in a stormy wrath,  
 Our little girl comes home to us once more!  
 Stay, oh! vast icebergs from the vessel's path,  
 Blow gently, winds, from that far eastward shore.  
 Flow gently, waves, under October skies,  
 'Neath watching stars and placid "hunter's moon,"  
 Home comes the child, the light of loving eyes,  
 So bring her, bring her, good ship, safe and soon!

Yes, little maid, upon the heaving sea,  
 Each moment speeding nearer, if God will.  
 Our thoughts enwrap thee very tenderly,  
 Sometimes a fear swoops down with sudden chill.  
 Thought turns to prayer and prayer to trembling trust,  
 Within the hollow of His hand He keeps  
 His Ocean and His children. Oh! we must  
 Cling close to Him whose watch-care never sleeps.  
 Safe in a Love more deep than deepest sea,  
 Safe in a Love of strength and pity made  
 Thou'lt wake and sleep, still hasting on, while we  
 Know thee His care, and trust thee unafraid.

KARIN CASA.



## HOW MY NEIGHBOR WON ME.

"YOU won't find it so very lonely after all, Helen," said Caleb, my husband. "You will have one near neighbor."

"How near?" I asked.

"Oh! as near as a next-door neighbor on a town lot."

"I don't want any country neighbors," I said, with a frown.

"Why not?" asked Caleb.

"They are always so prying and inquisitive. I am sorry any one is going to be so near. It seems strange out in the country."

"Yes, I heard something about the two farms—the one we have and the one adjoining it were owned by relatives, and the two families built their houses close together."

"Too close to suit me," I persisted. "However, if I find any one too much inclined toward intimacy I dare say I can regulate the matter."

"I dare say you can, my dear," said Caleb, with a laugh. "If I had the selecting of any one to freeze an obtrusive neighbor, I should take you at once."

I had felt a little bitterness of spirit at being obliged, by Caleb's failure in health, to go on a farm some miles from my former home. Caleb liked the prospect, was very hopeful of succeeding brilliantly as a farmer, and occasionally suggested that in case of his doing so, we might possibly decide to remain permanently in the country. But in my heart of hearts I agreed with nothing of the sort, and stubbornly determined to withhold myself strictly from any alliance with country neighbors or country affairs.

Caleb made several preliminary visits to the farm, and on his return from one of them said to me:

"She's a pleasant looking woman, that neighbor of ours, Helen."

"Mrs. Harmon?" I asked, glancing at the town house which stood next us.

"No, our neighbor in the country. She came out to speak to me as I was busy in the stable yard, asking if she could do anything to help us. She lives alone there, it seems, with hired help. She was 'wonderful glad' she was going to have neighbors."

"I suppose you made friends with her at once."

"Of course. Her hair is gray, Helen," he added, mischievously. "You won't mind if I am neighborly with her, will you?"

"Not at all. I expect all the company I need to come to me from home. But you can find yours in the country if you prefer to."

"You are foolish, Helen," he said, more soberly. "It is a very good thing to have a kindly disposed person near you, and the time may come when you will think differently of it."

I shook my head as I went on packing china.

I took a competent girl with me to the farm. My two younger sisters went to help us "get settled," and we made such a frolic of it that no thought of loneliness could find entrance among us, although I left my blue-eyed three-year-old boy in mother's care for a few days. I caught sight of my neighbor the first day as I went in and out. There was only a low hedge between her lot and ours, and as she busied herself in the back yard I could see her sometimes turn her head quickly and look toward us with a wistful smile at the sound of merry chat or laughter from the girls. Once she came

near the hedge as if wishing to speak to me, but I kept my head turned the other way, and her courage seemed to fail, for she went back.

The next morning I saw through the window, with a curl of my lip, my neighbor coming to the kitchen door.

"I have always had the greatest contempt for back-door visitors," I observed to Madge, as I retired to my own room, and sent Jane, the girl, to show Mrs. Barker into the parlor. I waited five minutes and then went there myself.

The bright expression of cordial friendliness of which I had caught a glimpse as it passed through the back yard had had a little time to fade in the oppressive atmosphere of the half-arranged parlor, but a pair of dark eyes set in a face too young for the bands of gray hair above it beamed genially upon me as my neighbor seized my hand.

"Glad to see you, Mis' Hayes. Can't begin to tell you how glad I am to see folks in this house again. Awful lonesome to see a house shut up all the time. I've been saying to myself all the time these two days it was really something to thank the Lord for to see young things about here, and to hear laughing and noise. Like it, don't you? Aint any better farm land anywhere than these two. And my sister that lived here was an uncommon tasty woman—planted all the pineys and laylocks and sweet-williams in the front yard, and I've looked after them ever since she went away. Blooming nicely now, aint they? I always did like flowers. How many of you in family?"

I made sure she had stopped for an answer, and then said with great deliberation:

"Only myself and husband, and little boy. My sisters are visiting me."

"Just for company. That's nice. Wish they were going to stay here all the while, but, of course, they'll come often. I'd like to be made acquainted with them if it's handy."

"Certainly." I called them and she warmly seized their hands as I made the introductions.

"Glad to see you. Hope you are going to be here a great deal. Aint any young company very near, but there's some real nice girls, and young men, too, a little ways off. And they'll be delighted to get you to sing in the choir with 'em."

Madge and Lill chatted with her much more cordially than I had done, and she soon addressed the greater part of her talk to them, once in awhile referring some question to me in a manner which showed, to my great satisfaction, an increasing awe of me.

"Now, I want you to be neighborly," she said, when she arose to take leave. "Just run in any time. And if there's anything I can do, be sure you let me know. I can lay carpets, or hang curtains, or anything, and would be more'n glad to do it. And when you want to borrow anything, of course you'll know where to send."

Madge turned to me with a look of surprise at my stiff acknowledgment of the proffered kindnesses, and my stiffer leave-taking.

"Seems to me you don't warm up to your neighbor, Helen?"

"No," I said.

"You were barely civil to her."

"Well, I think it best to keep such people at a distance. She lives too near."

"She's the only neighbor you have."

"I don't want any neighbors."

"You're a goose, Helen. I think she's right nice."

"Yes, jolly and cordial," said Lill. "You'd better meet her half way, Helen. You'll feel differently when we go home and you begin to get lonely."

But I seemed in no danger of feeling the need of my neighbor's company, for only a few hours after the girls had left me a noisy load drove up to the door.

"Six of us, Helen. We've come to see how you like the country."

"And to keep you from getting home-sick."

I was as glad to see them as they were to come—these girl and boy cousins. More than ever was the farm-house filled with the music of young voices, and still more wistfully did the dark eyes of my neighbor turn toward us at the sounds of gayety.

But shortly after their arrival there was a departure—of a guest whom with all loyalty to my visitors I could not help considering more important than all of them put together. My girl came to me complaining of sickness and declared she must go.

"But you can rest here, Jane," I assured her.

"Maybe so, ma'am, but I think I'd get well faster at home."

It was no use to talk. Whether it was really sickness or the prospect of too much company or a dislike to the country, I never could tell, but Jane never came back.

"What's the difference?" said one of my boy cousins, with a superior air. "We'll help you with the work, Cousin Helen."

"Yes, every one of us," chorused the girls. "It'll be fun alive."

And to do them justice, they did do a great deal, but any housekeeper may imagine how sorely I missed Jane.

On the last day of the visit of my cousins we were all to join a picnic at some miles distant. The day before it was to be given up to preparing all sorts of dainties for it. But just as I was about to wash the breakfast dishes I gave my hand a slight scald. One of the girls wrapped it immediately in flour.

"There," she said, "keep your hand still, and when you undo it in a few hours you will never know it was hurt."

"But look at my dishes!" I exclaimed, in dismay.

"Oh! never mind those. We'll do those as soon as we've done the baking."

What a scene that kitchen was all that morning! what a reveling in eggs, cream, butter, spices, flavoring, citrons, raisins! What a huge pile of pans and dishes were added to those waiting to be washed from breakfast.

"We can't think of washing them before dinner," declared Gertrude, as the baking drew to a close. "We're all in a starving condition. We'll just tuck these under the sink out of the way and have a big washing after dinner."

"I have to take a short run away," said Caleb, at dinner. "Must meet the train at two, and propose that you should all get into the democrat wagon and take a ride over to the station. It is a day beyond compare."

"Take a ride!" I exclaimed, in disdain. "Look at these dishes to be washed."

"And the piles in the kitchen," said the girls.

"What's the good of being a slave to dishes?" said Caleb. "You can wash dishes every day in the three hundred and sixty-five, but you can have such a day and such a ride in such good company only a few times in your life."

"We'll wash the dishes when we come back, Helen," said Gertrude, venturing the proposal in such a timid tone that a shout of laughter followed, in which all hands ran to get ready.

It was, as Caleb had assured us, a day beyond compare. Coming through the woods on our way home we forgot everything but the glories of foliage, fern, and wild flower, and the sweetness of summer wind and sunshine.

We reached home hungry and tired. I washed some knives and forks and spoons, and after supper said, recklessly:

"We're all tired out, girls. Let's leave all these things for to-night and get up early in the morning and wash them."

"Exactly," agreed Gertrude. "The evening's no time for such work."

As might have been expected, we all

slept late the next morning. There was only time for us to hunt up such few dishes as were still clean, get our breakfast in a hurry and again take the democrat wagon for the train which was to convey us to the picnic-ground.

"What will you do?" said Gertrude, looking ruefully around on the fearful array. "I declare, Helen, if you say so, I'll stay with you to-day and help you get straightened out. I feel conscience-smitten at leaving you so."

"Nonsense, dear," I said, "do you think I'd lose the picnic myself? No, don't trouble your heart about this—it will keep me from getting homesick when you are all gone. Caleb will be here to help me."

I put the key under the mat at the kitchen door, for Caleb would probably reach home first, and then in the delights of the day tried to forget the dishes.

I succeeded in this until the afternoon was wearing away. Then came to me a terrific headache, almost blinding me, as after wishing every body good-bye, I rode home in the democrat with for company only the boy who drove it.

And now those dishes loomed up in horror before me. The unwashed piles under the sink, the sink full of the accumulations of yesterday's dinner and tea, the table still spread with the wreck of breakfast, the dining-room and kitchen partaking of the general disorder and confusion, all made up a picture overcoming to my overworked nerves. I almost cried to myself as I wondered where Caleb would find clean dishes with which to get me a cup of tea, for everything, even to my daintiest china, had been pressed into the service.

I was scarcely able to walk into the house as I descended from the democrat and the boy went to put away the horses, then to go to his own home across the fields. No sign of Caleb was there as I went around to the kitchen-door. It was shut, the key still under the mat. My sole aim

for the last two or three hours had been to get within reach of his help and sympathy, and I now sat down on the step and cried in earnest.

But this would not do. I must sooner or later face that kitchen. A cup of tea and an hour's rest would give me new courage.

But before reaching the centre of the room I stopped and stared about me in surprise, then fancied that the twilight shadows must have deceived me, and took a still sharper look. The kitchen was in perfect order. The sink was empty and the dishes which stood on the table were clean. Through the open dining-room door I could see that the table had been cleared and the clean china waited upon it to be set away.

"What a treasure of a man Caleb is!" was my first thought. "Comes home, finds everything undone, and goes and finds some one to clean up."

As I still stood pressing my hand to my aching head I heard a step, and surely never human footstep had borne to me such a welcome sound. I turned, expecting to see Caleb, but it was my neighbor. If she had before regarded me with an expression of deprecation, her look was now one of positive timidity.

"I—beg your pardon, ma'am—hope I haven't been making too free, but this morning I saw a terrible smoke out of your chimney, and remembering how it had got afire once, and my sister used to say she never felt quite sure of that chimney, and knowing you was all gone, I made bold to come in and see if everything was right."

"You are very kind," I said. "I did make a good fire to burn up some refuse."

"And—knowing how busy you'd been, ma'am, and seeing you hadn't had time to do up your work this morning. I—well—there was such a good fire, you see, and water handy, I thought p'haps you wouldn't mind if I just got 'em out of your way."



"You washed all those dishes!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it was making free, I know, coming into folks's houses so."

"I think you were very, very kind," I said.

"Do you, now?" she said, brightening up wonderfully. "Oh! no! it wasn't much—it was a real treat for me to do it. Seemed so sociable-like to be washing so many dishes. Didn't dare, though, to set 'em in the pantry, for I know folks like to set their things according to their own ways. Headache, poor thing?"

She lead me to a chair, took off my things, and made a few soft passes over my beating forehead.

"Clean tired out, aint you? Come now, lie right down. You won't mind if I bring you a cup of tea, will you?"

Mind it? How could I but be thankful for anything from such kindly hands? As I cried again in sheer pain and exhaustion, she petted me as my mother might have done.

"Now you'll feel better," she said, appearing at my side a few minutes later with the tea and a bit of cream toast.

"Now, don't be afraid of my talking you to death. I'm great for talking, I know—seems as if I'd lived by myself so long I couldn't help it when I got a chance. But I do know how to stop sometimes. Oh! bless his little soul!"

She turned suddenly from me to take into her arms my wee boy who, with his father, had come quietly to the door. Then laughing at his vigorous protest against such liberties being taken by a stranger, she brought him to me and took her leave saying:

"You won't be feeling very chipper in the morning. You won't mind if I come in, will you?"

Well it might be considered a small affair, but my neighbor had won me. Later she told me a pathetic story of the

loss of her husband and two children, and the subsequent ill-fortunes which had compelled the removal of her sister, leaving the large-natured, warm-hearted woman to a loneliness in which she had been ready to turn with hungry longing to seek the neighborliness which I had so grudged her, and which she at length fairly forced from me.

The only trouble which ever ruffled the serenity of our friendship arose from the position I was obliged to take in the matter of her placing the digestion of young Caleb at the mercy of everything good in the way of cakes, pies, jams, and pickles, which she could make. I had great difficulty in persuading her that one batch of ginger-snaps a week instead of two was all which must be left at the freedom of the small boy.

Since arriving at a full understanding on such points, I have found my neighbor not faultless, but just what a good woman in the country usually is—a comfort and blessing. She tells me her troubles, and if she seems sometimes a little unduly interested in mine, I can now more charitably than formerly ascribe it less to a desire to pry into my affairs than the seeking for new interests natural to a life cast in narrow grooves and a real desire to extend kindly sympathy.

In all the smaller and larger tribulations of daily life, she has proved herself my valued friend and helper.

Caleb (the elder) looked after her one day as she retired to her house after bringing to the boy, who was kept quiet through a slight sprain, some samples of her morning baking, also an apron full of young kittens she had just found.

"Seems to me," he said, turning to me with rather a quizzical expression, "you have changed your mind about neighbors."

"Yes, I have," I replied. "How could I help myself?"

SYDNEY DAYRE.

## "AUNT MARIA."

"THE phantom's at the door, miss." Cathie Stuart stepped out on the broad piazza, in front of which stood a dappled gray horse attached to a four-wheeled chaise or phaeton which Jackey Knight, the hostler, always persisted in calling a "phantom."

As she stood drawing the brown kid gloves over her shapely little hands, Grandfather Stuart came around the corner of the house, and, dismissing the servant, took his place by the horse. Then, turning to Cathie, he said:

"I am sorry, child, about this long, lonesome ride. I meant to have gone myself, or sent Tom, but you see this telegram takes your grandma and me in a different direction, and Tom won't be here before to-morrow, now—so it will have to be you. It's very lonely, I know, and I shall be anxious about you."

The girl turned her face, the fresh, young beauty of which even the "poke bonnet," by which it was overshadowed, could not diminish, toward the old man, and said, with a smile bright and warm as sunshine:

"Don't you worry about me one bit, grandpapa. Twenty-four miles—twelve out and twelve back—isn't a long way. I'll have a nice ride, and see to all your business finely."

She sprang lightly into the chaise and spread the gay carriage robe over her lap, her grandfather carefully tucking it in at the sides.

Just then a shrill, though pleasant voice reached them—"Wait a bit, Cathie, dear, here's the waterproof; it may blow up chill, or shower, and then it will come handy"—and grandma stepped briskly out and passed the wrap into the carriage. Little did the girl dream, as she placed

the garment on the seat beside her, of the strange use it would be put to ere that eventful ride ended.

"Be careful now," urged the old gentleman, "and start for home early as possible. Remember there are six miles of woods, and it is soon dark there, but if you should get belated just give Prince the rein, he can step off brisk enough, and it won't hurt him any to hurry."

Cathie nodded her head merrily and kissed her hand to him as the horse started swiftly up the street, leaving the man looking lingeringly and lovingly after her, for he was very fond of this pet of his old age, who with her only brother Tom, some four years her senior, had gladdened his home for many a year. Orphans though they were they had never missed a parent's kindness or care, and the indulgence of the old people surely did not seem to prove in the least injurious, for Tom was a manly, noble-hearted fellow and Cathie a winsome and sweet-tempered as well as a fearless and high-spirited girl.

The morning was cool and clear in early September, the roads fairly good, and the little maiden's heart happy and light, so the anxious words just spoken passed quickly from her mind and her thoughts were soon busy, first with the telegram received by Colonel Stuart that morning from an old and very dear friend requesting him to meet himself and wife without fail at a town some fifty miles distant, which they were to reach that afternoon. Then she thought of the letter received by her grandfather from this same friend a day or two before, containing the sad intelligence of the death of his only son, shot accidentally while hunting on the mountains, and this journey the

unhappy father and mother were taking in the hope of recovering the body.

"It must have been over that way," she mused, looking far off to the rough, rocky hills and dense woods that lay to the northwest, and a feeling of pity for the sorrowing ones was at her heart, and an earnest hope that her grandparents could help and comfort them.

Then she thought how very lonely it would be at home that night without the dear old couple. But a bright smile came as she remembered Tom was coming in the morning.

The idolized Tom had been absent nearly a year at a distant military school and would have reached home the day before but for the sickness of the young man traveling with him, which he had telegraphed might delay him a day or two.

Time seemed to pass very quickly this bright September morning, and Cathie was surprised to find the spires and chimneys of the large village of Merton rising before her so soon.

She hastily recounted her numerous errands—an express package to get, a note to receive the money for, a letter to mail, business messages from her grandfather to deliver to two or three gentlemen, and a supply of small articles in the grocery line to get.

Cathie never forgot any of the commissions intrusted to her, but this day did not prove a successful one. She met with various delays, and when Prince's head was finally turned homeward it was later than she meant it should be.

The first part of her way the road lay between cultivated fields, yellow with ripening grain; houses were scattered here and there, and the scent of sweet clover and mignonette came from pretty little gardens bright with autumn flowers. Then came pasture land, where browsing cattle lifted their heads and watched her as she passed, and at a distance of some three miles or so from the village were the woods—dark and dense—stretching for

full six miles without break or human habitation.

As the young girl passed under the sombre shadow of the trees she cast a lingering look back at the sunshine she was leaving and shrank from the long, lonely way before her. She was tired and inclined to be nervous, and heartily wished herself safe at home, but Prince, usually willing to speed like the wind at a word of command, had occasional fits of independence, when he traveled entirely to suit himself, and now, urge him as she would, he did not seem inclined to hurry.

She had driven about two miles since entering the woods and the way seemed to her full treble that distance. As she rode along her grandfather's anxious words of the morning recurred to her mind, and a vague sensation of danger near forced itself upon her.

"Prince, you *must* go faster," she said, and reached forward for the whip, but her hand fell powerless in her lap, for there was a slight movement in the heavy growth of foliage at the roadside, a man stepped out, and placing his hand on the bridle, brought the horse to a sudden stand.

For a moment Cathie's heart fluttered wildly and a choking, suffocating sensation almost took away her breath, then the nervous crisis had passed, and she felt her native courage and presence of mind returning.

She looked bravely up, but the face she saw was surely not that of a highwayman, or a villain upon mischief intent; it was the face of a young man, and the pale, haggard look it wore, the agitated, terror-stricken expression upon it were pitiful to see. He passed quickly to the side of the carriage and said hurriedly:

"Lady, save me! men are close upon my track. I am accused of a crime I never committed, and my life must be the forfeit. Oh! I pray you, for the love of Heaven, help me to escape."

The beseeching, anxious look in the

handsome, dark eyes, went straight to Cathie's heart, her momentary fear entirely vanished, and, not pausing to consider, for an instant even, the oft-discussed question whether deception is ever right in any case, her whole thought was given to the perplexing problem of how she could best help the unfortunate young fellow.

At that moment a faint halloo came on the air from seemingly some distance behind them. The man gave a nervous start, and glanced hastily and wildly around.

"There they are," he said, hoarsely. "I know *that* sound; it's young Hal Hastings calling them together; he's their leader, they'll all be down this way in no time. I'll have to give in, for I'm just completely worn out."

Cathie saw that whatever was done, must be done at once; her wits were quick, and she determined to make one bold effort in the stranger's behalf.

Throwing out the waterproof she said hastily:

"Put that on, get in here, and do just as I tell you. I think I'll get you out of this all right" (this last by way of encouragement).

He obeyed her, and as soon as he was seated at her side, she pulled off her poke bonnet and placed it on his head, then, tearing the visor from his dark-green hunting cap, she crowded it over her own curling hair, next she unwound from her neck a long thick veil, and proceeded to tie it closely and securely over the bonnet of her companion.

"Now," said she, tucking the carriage robe carefully about them, "lean over a bit, like an old lady; there, that's about it, and don't you speak or move, whatever happens."

The curtain at the back of the chaise was rolled up, and as the distant sound of hoofs cantering along the hard road came to their ears, the trembling figure at her side begged her to fasten it down, and as

she valued her own life, as well as his, to put the horse to his best speed.

Cathie laughed softly.

"Of course I shall do nothing of the sort," she said, decidedly. "I couldn't hope to distance those trained horsemen, especially with Prince in the humor he is in to-day, but" (and her voice sounded peremptory in its earnestness), "you must keep perfectly still, I tell you, and leave the rest to me."

The girl drove her horse leisurely along, and presently glancing back, she saw three mounted men coming swiftly toward her. They drew rein as they overtook the carriage, and one of them, wheeling about, accosted her.

"Have you passed any one on this road, miss? A young fellow in a dark-green hunting suit, with scarf or sash over one shoulder, and carrying a brass-mounted rifle?"

Cathie stopped her horse.

"No, sir," she answered, quietly, "I have only driven from the village back there, and have passed no one. I caught sight of some person quite a little way back," she added, "up in the fields. He seemed to be going quite fast, but was so far away I could not distinguish the color of his clothes."

This was all correct enough, as she had noticed, just before entering the woods, an old gentleman quite a way from the street, trying to drive some pigs out of a corn-field.

But the three men demanded in a breath:

"Which way was he going?"

"Really, I could not tell, he was dodging about so," returned Cathie. "I should say, however, that he was going toward the village."

"Perhaps we've missed him," suggested the first speaker, turning to the others.

They were rough, fierce-looking fellows all of them, but the girl noticed that one, who seemed even more rough and uncivilized than the rest, kept his sharp black eyes



fixed searchingly on the figure at her side, and when one of the men proposed they should go back and look over the ground more carefully, he said, with an oath, in a coarse heavy voice :

"S'pose you interview that old party on t'other side the gal fust, a spell ; seems ter be tied up perty safe, but mayhap she's got a tongue."

The poor hunted fugitive gave an audible groan.

But Cathie was not backward in the part she had undertaken to play. She glanced around and said carelessly :

"What, interview Aunt Maria? I think it would be rather hard work, as she hasn't heard a word for the last five years. I've just been taking her over to the village to have her ears examined by a great English doctor stopping there awhile. He performed some sort of an operation on them, and I shouldn't wonder if they were pretty painful. He said they would be for a day or two."

The men fell back, and one, more soft-hearted than the rest, exclaimed, "Bless my soul! I don't blame the poor old creeter fur groanin', it must be tough on her."

At this instant two more horsemen galloped up. The foremost one reined his horse up at the carriage-side, and glancing in, raised his hat and was about to speak, when suddenly his face flushed hotly; his brows contracted ominously. A singular expression rested upon his features, and looking intently into Cathie's face for a moment, he said :

"I am sorry, miss, but then our duty must be done. It will place you in an unpleasant position, which I very much regret, but, nevertheless, I shall be obliged to—"

Here the muffled figure which had started violently at the first sound of the newcomer's voice, lost control of its over-wrought feelings, and broke forth in another groan, which was almost a sob,

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muttering a word or two in a suppressed voice.

The man paused, and Cathie, raising her beautiful eyes to his, said nonchalantly :

"Oh! go on, sir; don't mind Aunt Maria. She has just had her ears operated on for deafness, and, of course, they pain her considerably."

The gentleman turned his face away for a moment, and when his eyes sought Cathie's again, there was a strange twinkle in their depths, and the mouth beneath the heavy mustache seemed striving hard to preserve a becomingly grave and decorous expression, nevertheless he went on speaking, only in a decidedly different tone of voice.

"As I was saying, miss, I shall be obliged to ask your pardon, if my men have alarmed you, or detained you to your trouble, but I repeat, our duty must be done, and when we are tracking a fugitive from justice, we are sometimes forced to inconvenience people with our inquiries."

Here he turned to the men, and giving them a few directions, they galloped back toward the village. While he, reining his horse still nearer the carriage, inquired of the girl where her home was, and asked if he should not accompany her there, as it would be dark before she reached it.

But she assured him they should not be long traveling the distance, and that she was not in the least afraid.

Then he remarked that her aunt seemed to be feeling more comfortable, and hoping the old lady would do well, he touched his hat and rode away after the others, and Cathie drew a long breath of relief, as she looked back and saw him disappear up the road.

Then she turned her attention to Prince, and he, having had enough of delays, proceeded to make short work of the remaining seven miles.

The young fellow at her side tried to express his thanks and to praise her wonderful presence of mind and self-

command, but the girl was tired, and conversation lagged. As they drew near home, however, she began to feel that (as the saying is) she had an elephant upon her hands, and what to do with her *protégé*, she did not know.

She had not the heart to propose his going on his way, tired as he seemed to be, so she finally determined to assist him to a hiding place that night, as, after being well rested, he might be better able to elude pursuit on the morrow.

It was quite dark when she drove up to the house, and she was glad to see that the hall-lamp had not been lighted; fortunately, too, neither Jackey or Ruth, the kitchen-maid, were around, so she piloted her guest to a small chamber in an unused part of the house, dropped the heavy curtain before the one window, brought a light and helped him divest himself of his feminine attire; then she kindled a fire in the grate, as the air was chilly, and proposed that he lie down upon the sofa and rest (which he was only too glad to do), while she would do the best she could toward smuggling up a supper for him.

After a refreshing sleep of nearly two hours, the young man opened his eyes to see a tempting little lunch, consisting of cold chicken, rolls, jellies, sponge cake, etc., awaiting him; the tea steamed fragrantly before the grate, and the presiding genius of the place sat upon a low stool, the firelight glancing over her curling hair and soft pink cheeks.

The scene was so cozy and cheerful that the awakened sleeper lay some moments deeply enjoying it, then, with a sigh, as thoughts of his own unhappy position came to him, he arose and approached the table.

Cathie poured the tea and performed the duties of hostess with a pretty, graceful dignity very fascinating to her guest, while he told her in a few words how, when he was on a short hunting excursion with a friend a few days pre-

vious, as they were riding over a wild, barren tract of country lying between two hills where game was said to abound, a sudden shot from behind them caused his companion to drop from the saddle, and while he was anxiously bending over him, too shocked and horrified at finding that he was breathing his last, to think of anything else, a party of five horsemen surrounded and took him prisoner, on the charge of belonging to a gang who had stolen some very valuable horses two nights before. Four of the party were rough, hard-looking stock-raisers from the adjacent county, who had become not a little irate and reckless at having lost quite a number of fine cattle shortly before.

The fifth was a gentlemanly, well-mounted fellow, something of a stranger in those parts, but who had become quite popular through assisting the cattle-dealers in making some very advantageous speculations. Two of the missing horses were his; at first, however, he was much more cool and deliberate than the others, all of whom were for resorting to lynch law and stringing the culprit up to the first tree.

"I found very soon," the young fellow went on, "that, as we traveled along, the men (being fully satisfied that I was one of the guilty ones, and having talked young Hastings, who seemed to be their leader, over to just their view of the case), were actually planning to dispose of me in a most summary manner, as soon as opportunity offered. So, watching my chance and having good luck beyond my expectations, when their attention was called another way, I made good my escape.

"For nearly a week I have eluded pursuit, so narrowly at times, that (as the party passed my place of hasty concealment) I could hear their threats that they would never give up the chase until they had my life. If I ever reach my friends, miss," he concluded, "their grat-

itude to you for the life you have preserved will be even deeper and stronger than my own, for I am an only son, and, well, I hardly can think what the old folks would do without their boy. I believe there is no more to tell, with the exception of my name which, perhaps, should have come first. Let me introduce myself as Paul Rivers, son of Captain John Rivers, of Everton, New York."

Cathie gave a quick start of surprise, then sank into her seat and cast a bewildered, incredulous look toward the gentleman now reclining in an easy-chair near her.

A moment later, however, she sprang to her feet as the sound of men's voices and the slamming of doors below stairs came faintly to her ears. "Oh! sir," she said, her face growing white and her hands clasped tightly in her agitation, "I am afraid the men have followed you here. They will search the house, and what can I do? what will you do?"

The young man seemed suddenly to settle into the coolness or calmness of despair. "It can't be helped," he said, quietly. "I thought at first Hastings knew me through the disguise, this afternoon, but I hoped afterward that you had cleverly misled him as you did the others."

"I will lock the room and go down to them," she said, hurriedly, "perhaps if you keep perfectly quiet they will not insist on forcing the door."

The hall-lamp was burning dimly as she hastened down the stairs, her feelings wrought up to that point where she would have defied a troop of armed soldiers and ordered them out-of-doors. Before she reached the bottom stair, however, she was caught in two strong arms, and kisses which seemed (judging from their number) to have been accumulating for some time, were showered upon her astonished face. Cathie, taken so entirely by surprise, could only gasp, "O Tom! is it you? what a noise those trunks made. Why, Tom, I'm so glad to see you," and then she hid

her face in his coat and sobbed for very joy and thankfulness.

"Yes, my little lady, it's no other than yours to order, Tom Stuart. Didn't expect me quite so soon, did you? Well, Ned's father came last night, so I left at once, seeing he was in good hands and getting better, anyhow. Thought I'd surprise you, and guess I have." But the brother saw something beside surprise in the tired, troubled face he had learned to read so well, and he said, gently, "What is it, little girl? Ruth told me the folks were gone. Are you lonesome, or what is the trouble? Come, tell me." And lifting her in his arms as he always had done when so minded, he carried her to the parlor where, seated on his knee, she confided to him the secret that she was trying to save the life of an innocent man. She did not dilate at all upon the manner of his escape, but briefly related the story young Rivers had just told her of his adventures. "And now, Tom," she said, in finishing, "you never can guess, but the very best of it all is, he is Paul Rivers. There must have been some mistake in the news sent his family of his death, for it was the man who was with him who was shot." And Tom thought it natural enough that in such adverse circumstances the young fellow should seek the house of his father's old friend for temporary safety. He walked the floor a few moments thoughtfully, whistling softly, then he stopped suddenly and looked at his watch.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Cath," he said, hastily, "you just give the young chap a suit of my clothes to rig in, then we'll catch the midnight train to Bellton and I'll land him safe in the arms of his bereaved *pater et mater*. That'll be a glorious ending to the tragedy, and 'Richard will be himself again,' in the bosom of his family. Come, hurry up, now."

A little later Cathie, watching at the parlor window, saw the young men driven

rapidly away by Jackey, *en route* to the depot.

Then she wrapped her shawl around her and threw herself upon the sofa to rest a moment and collect her scattered thoughts before going to her chamber.

The warmth of the room, however, and her late excitement and present weariness overcome her, and she fell asleep, which slumber was not disturbed till the violent ringing of the door-bell in the early dawn of the morning broke in upon her dreams, causing her to spring up quickly, and before her sleepy eyes were well opened, Ruth had ushered in Mr. Hastings, her acquaintance of the day before.

Her surprise at seeing him was only equaled by the satisfaction of knowing that the supposed criminal he was in quest of was safe by that time. Her visitor made no inquiries respecting the fugitive, however, but advancing quickly to her side and taking her hands, he said, earnestly, fixing his grave eyes upon her face, "Pardon this early call, Miss Stuart, but I could not rest until I had thanked you for preventing me from doing that which would have embittered the rest of my life with remorse and regret. I owe it to you that I have not now upon my conscience the guilt of having assisted in taking an innocent life, for I have just received a telegram to the effect that all the gang of thieving desperadoes have been captured to a man, and had it not been that your little game of yesterday was too cleverly and captivately played for me to have the heart to interrupt it, Paul Rivers would have been a dead man before the setting of the sun last night."

Cathie looked into the true, manly, honest face before her and realized in some degree how much the owner would repent the doing of any mean, unjust act.

Then she said, slowly, in some perplexity, "But, sir, how could you know it was a game—how could you tell?"

She hesitated, and the gentleman's manner changed as he took up her words. "How

could I tell?" he repeated, and his eyes were full of merriment as he thought how coolly and innocently the pretty lips before him had told him the day previous to "go on and not mind Aunt Maria." "Why, the fact is," he continued, "when the old lady (excuse me, your honored aunt), made her toilet she omitted to put out of sight the end of a certain green scarf or sash which she had borrowed probably from one, Paul Rivers by name, with whom I am slightly acquainted, and this article of dress I instantly recognized. How is your fair relative to-day?" he added, with much apparent interest.

Cathie looked down blushing and laughing, as she said, timidly and hesitatingly, "It was very good of you, sir, not to expose my 'little game,' as you call it, before all those men, but you see the poor fellow said he was innocent, and I pitied him, and I wanted to save his life."

"Well, you did save it, Miss Cathie, thus placing me as well as him under lasting obligations to you. I will go now," he said, turning toward the door. But he came back suddenly to her side. "Did you ever believe in magnetism, mutual attraction—love at first sight, or whatever they call it?" he asked, abruptly.

Cathie turned her bright, sweet face wonderingly toward him.

"Because I cannot leave," he went on, impetuously, "without telling you—"

But we have no right to listen further, it is better, on some occasions, to be as deaf as "Aunt Maria."

The old people and Tom returned that afternoon, all rejoicing in the happiness of the re-united family they had just left.

But when Tom came into the parlor whistling merrily that night, and found Cathie standing by the window, a pensive, almost sad look upon her face, he stopped short, and after watching her a moment, he observed, sententiously:

"Well, I might have known just how it would be. Rivers told me the whole story on the way, and there never was anything



of a romance but what turned out just about so. Heroine saves hero's life, or *vice versa*, love scene sure to follow, then the finale, cake and cards, and lodging for two."

"O Tom! how can you!" she returned, indignantly, "why will you be so foolish; I wasn't thinking of that one at all."

"Wasn't thinking of *that* one. Then, by Jove, what one *was* you thinking of?" cried Tom, imprisoning the little hands and looking searchingly into the flushed face.

"You always *did* make me tell you everything," said Cathie, meekly, "and you have assumed your old authority promptly enough I hope," and then, as she rather felt the need of a confidant, and, moreover, desired greatly the advice of this adored brother, she shyly told him of her little love episode.

"And, Tom, dear," she said, in conclusion, "I *do* like him very, very much."

"Like him! of course you do," returned Tom, fiercely, after a moment's silence. "I've known Hal Hastings nearly ever since I left here, and the more you see him the better you will like him, probably; that's his style, so you're unmistakably done for, and I'm left out in the cold, thanks to your 'Aunt Maria,' who has brought it all about. I despise the old crone, but I presume Hal thinks enough of her to make up."

And years after, Harold Hastings, Esq., was heard to remark, "There is no relative whom I hold in more grateful remembrance than our 'Aunt Maria,' for it was through her agency that I found the very best of wives."

MINNIE TAYLOR.

## THE BLACKSMITH.

O BLACKSMITH! take of thy iron,  
And fashion me out a heart.  
Canst thou do it, O sturdy blacksmith!

Is 't not from thy work apart?

I can blow my fire till the live coals  
Glow red on my smithy walls;  
I can bring down my weighty hammer,  
Biting deeply wher'er it falls.

'Tis not enough, O blacksmith!  
I fear me much thou wilt fail;  
A heart needs more than a fire,  
Or the scar of a hammer's trail.

I can take my long strong pincers  
And turn it that way and this,

While the live coals grow redder and  
redder,  
And the hammer falls without miss.

Thou hast spoken well, O blacksmith!  
Full well dost thou know thy trade;  
Take the iron, and out of it render  
A heart whose love shall not fade.

Clink-clank, clink-clank,  
See how the iron twisteth;  
Clink-clank, clink-clank,  
See it lie as the blacksmith listeth.

The sparks and the song fly upward,  
But the tortured iron there  
Lies now a red heart glowing  
And throbbing a prize full rare.

PAUL BRANDT.

## THE KENNEDYS OF BROADOAKS.\*

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND.

### CHAPTER XIV.

FOR a man to accept partial rebuff as permanent discouragement would argue little tenacity of purpose, for if he be true lover, with his heart set singly on the woman, and not doubly, as it were, one-half on her and the other half on that which seems to be his own reflection in her eyes, hope must prove a strong ally to his love.

It was, therefore, with no overwhelming feeling of dejection that Bruce regarded his interview with Rebie. Had she disliked him, or even been pronouncedly indifferent, she would have decided the matter at once instead of requesting time for consideration. A fortress which will entertain articles of treaty is already on the road to capitulation.

That which occupied Bruce most was the question of his own conduct during the interval of waiting. Should he remain in the neighborhood and avoid going to Broadoaks, his motives might be misconstrued in many ways. To Rebie he might seem to show pique, while to the others he would appear neglectful of his old friends—added to which considerations *amour propre* forbade that he should produce the impression of having been discarded before that disastrous fact should overwhelm him. On the other hand, if he should continue his visits as though nothing had occurred, it might seem that he wished to thrust himself on his sweetheart's notice, that he lacked pluck and patience to leave his cause untrammelled in her hands. Bruce knew himself too well to suppose that it would be possible

for him to be near Rebie and refrain from, either directly or indirectly, making love to her. He was too simple-natured a man and too genuinely in love to have much thought to give to diplomacy. And above all things he wanted to be tender and considerate with her, to show her that true love must ever mean refuge and protection. She had put out her hand to him, trusting him, and begged that he would be good to her, and the young fellow stoutly determined, come what might, there should be no selfish persecution; he would show himself worthy of her trust.

While he debated the point, undecided as to his course of action, some letters came relative to property which he still owned in the West which gave him an excuse for withdrawing, for a few weeks, from the neighborhood in a manner which would occasion no remark. Before his departure he called at Broadoaks to explain his mission and mention the probable length of his absence. He made no effort to see Rebie alone, nor did he betray any of the depression of a baffled lover; on the contrary he was as bright, cheery, and companionable as usual, so that the slight feeling of consciousness with which Rebie was, at first, oppressed in his presence passed utterly away. She was grateful to him and, insensibly, her confidence in him and feeling of dependence on his care increased. When Bernard, who, with the insight of sympathy, was fully cognizant of the state of the young fellow's feelings, suggested that he should write to them during his absence, she replied to his wistful look with a smile and was con-

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sious of a sudden emotion of regret when he bade her farewell. Which goes to prove that the policy of unselfishness may after all be the subtlest species of diplomacy.

His going left a gap in their lives, for they had learned to accept his presence among them as an integral part of existence. About this time also Rolfe Kennedy returned to his duties in the city, Tom betook himself to the seashore, whither the Seldons had gone for a month, and Redwood, to all seeming, became bodily engulfed by his mining operations, so that, for a brief season, a dead calm settled on the old house at Broadoaks.

To Bernard, with fate fully determined and heart free from the systole and diastole of sentimental fluctuation, the quiet was not ungrateful. She attended to her household cares, practiced her music, busied herself with an accumulation of dainty sewing which she appeared to have on hand, and wrote long letters to her lover with a placid acceptance of the present and confidence in the future, which, to Rebekah, appeared enviable. Rebekah herself was very ill at ease; restless, and dissatisfied with her restlessness; filled with uncertainty, and outraged with her lack of definite purpose. She liked Geoffrey Bruce, and disliked Redwood, at least, so she informed herself many times a day, striving to keep the two facts in their proper relations in her consciousness; but do what she would she could not disassociate the two men so that the thought of the one would stand before her uninfluenced by the thought of the other. It was as though the shadow from two distinct objects, separate in all save obedience to a law of nature, lay across each other upon her spirits and obscured its vision.

She watched her sister with speculative eyes, and one morning suddenly put a question.

"Bernard, how did you know you cared for Rolfe? Please forgive my asking. It

seems so difficult to determine. How *can* a woman be sure she loves a man well enough to give her life into his hands, to take his life into hers? It is all so strange, and the responsibility so great."

Bernard was busy at the machine, running dainty little tucks in a strip of fine white cambric. On the floor beside her was a basket heaped with more material, and the bed was littered with trimmings of various sorts. She arrested the motion of the machine and glanced quickly at her sister, then, instinctively perceiving something of the trouble of her mind, looked away again while she answered.

"There was never any doubt. I knew it as one recognizes the presence of light and sunshine, by restless yearning if it should seem for an instant withdrawn and glad contentment in its renewal. When the sunrise of her spirit dawns for a woman there is never any question. Her heart turns and inclines itself as did the bodies of the old sun-worshippers when their god arose."

She gazed through the open window, across the shaded green of the lawn, to the quiet river and the blue of the hills beyond. Her eyes were brooding and introspective, her hand stroked the fabric under it with a caressing touch and her lips curved into a smile like that of a woman who looks on the face of one beloved.

Rebekah let her hands, also filled with pretty sewing, fall into her lap with a forlorn little movement.

"Suppose when one looks steadily at an object another object appears beside it, like the little false planet that torments astronomers when the lens is wrongly focused. How is one to know which is the true luminary and which the optical delusion?"

"Wait," counseled Bernard, "wait, and try to adjust the focus. That can do no harm, and to be careful is a woman's right. Sooner or later true love reveals itself, and then it is as the coming of a mighty king; the woman's heart knows its master

and rejoices in its subjugation. Anything short of this is counterfeit, and with it no rational creature will be satisfied."

Bernard spoke with the emphasis of one convinced of the enduring truth of her position. She had followed Rebie's lead and spoken in metaphor because she had intuitively perceived that her sister had not yet arrived at the stage in which a woman thirsts to bestow her confidence, and she knew that to give the help and counsel indirectly solicited without infringing on reserve would be most grateful. To pure and thorough natures love is a thing too sacred to be lightly dealt with. It is a presence into which the soul must enter with uncovered head and feet freed from the sandals of worldliness.

The matter was dropped between the sisters; but later Bernard remarked to her father that Rebie seemed terribly out of sorts, like a person who had lost something and did not know how or where to begin her search for it. It was pitiful.

"If it's her heart I hope it may be in Geoff Bruce's possession," the father observed. "She misses the lad, I expect, and no wonder. He's a fine lad—a good, straightforward lad—and his notions are those of the old school. He came to me one day and frankly told me the state of his mind toward Rebie and asked my permission to win her if he could. He said it didn't seem right to frequent my house in the way he was doing without letting me know his object. That sort of feeling is growing rare among young men I notice. It's pretty much 'he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can,' in these days. The grace and deference of the old way struck me anew, and my liking for the boy was clinched by his observance of it. It's what his father would have done. Geoff's a chip of the old block."

Colonel Kennedy shared the universal elderly opinion that in most essentials of conduct his own generation occupied the crest of a wave in the movement of life.

To find a custom of the past regarded by a man of the present pleased him as any ratification of one's own opinion always pleases.

"But," objected Bernard, "there is, or may be, another man in the case. Mr. Redwood has been paying Rebie a good deal of attention."

"Not that," Colonel Kennedy hastily interrupted. "My little girl would never give her heart to a man like that. Redwood is a stranger among us—his feelings, traditions, and modes of thought are totally alien from ours. He'd hurt her all around continually and never know that he'd done it. There is such a thing as natural affinity, I reckon. Like should stick to like."

"It generally does," Bernard observed, astutely, "so if it should turn out that Rebie and Mr. Redwood care for each other, we will have to admit affinity—individual, if not hereditary. He's a very clever man; and the handsomest blonde I have ever seen."

"He's got eyes mottled like a snake's skin," the Colonel growled, in a tone that seemed to hold Redwood responsible for his visual imperfection, "and they've got a look in them, at times, as hard as iron. His hair grows straight from the scalp like the hair of an ape, and he couldn't part it in an even line to save his life. Redwood's got more intellect than he's got feeling, by a long shot, Bernard, and the sort of will that overrides obstacles like a cavalry charge. A flower had just as well try to draw sustenance from a rock as an emotional woman look for comprehension from a man like Redwood."

Bernard laughed out merrily.

"Come, father, that isn't fair," she said. "If a man may be held irresponsible for anything on earth it must be for the color of his eyes and the way his hair grows."

The tap of Colonel Kennedy's crutches on the floor had an impatient sound as he walked away. He had set his heart on a match between his daughter and the son



of his old friend and, in spite of his strictures on Redwood's love of dominion, the old soldier had mighty little appetite for being crossed himself.

## CHAPTER XV.

ONE afternoon, about two weeks after Aunt Nancy's burial and the departure of Geoffrey Bruce, Crummie came around the corner of the house to the place where Rebie sat on a little bench feeding a brood of chickens preparatory to housing them for the night, and dropped down on the grass near her.

"Miss Rebie," he commenced, in an insinuating tone, thrusting his bare toes out toward the bristling mother of the brood and then jerking them back in a manner provocative of onslaught, "Count, he in de stable, an' ole Morgan dar, too."

She glanced up interrogatively.

"Sun aint nigh down yit," the boy continued; "he way up yonder—mos' an hour high. It be long time befo' dark."

Rebie picked up a silver mug from the ground and poured water into the empty sardine box which served for a chicken trough. The tiny chicks came to it and daintily dipped in their beaks.

"It one mighty pretty evenin' fur a ride," insinuated Crum, "an' dat horse be jus' sp'ilin' to git out'n de stable. Unk Peyton say I kin take ole Morgan to go arter de cows dey done strayed so furdur. Dat big wind las' night blowed de fence down over ag'inst Eagle's Nes', an' our mean ole cows done foun' it out an' gone visitin'. Mammy say I got to go arter 'em. Don't you want to go 'long wid me?"

The proposal was so unusual that Rebie was surprised. She often took the boy with her on her rides, but the suggestion generally emanated from her. Eagle's Nest was the name of the Kennedy homestead which Redwood had rented for the winter months. He occupied it still, the rightful owner having decided to take his

family to the Springs for the summer. Rebie had no thought of Redwood in the matter; indeed, she supposed him still in New York, for since his return he had not called at Broadoaks. She suspected Crum, however, of other motives than disinterested desire to promote her enjoyment.

"What do you want me to go for, Crum?" she questioned. "I'm not going to do your work for you."

"Ne'er mind 'bout dat," the boy grinned, "I kin drive de cows mysef—dat aint nothin' to study 'bout. I want you to come 'long o' me fur comp'ny, Miss Rebie. I 'feard."

"Afraid of what?"

"Ghos'es."

"What!"

"Ha'rnts! Sperets whar come out'n de graveyard. Folks say dey gittin' mighty rank 'bout dem woods we all got to go tho'. Say you kin jump up ghos'es, same as rabbits, ef you want to, arter sundown an' befo' day in de mornin'. Dem ole ha'rnts jus' as sociable! It make goose-flesh bu'st out jus' to study 'bout how foolish dey is."

"How foolish *you* are, you mean," Rebie retorted. "Who is saying such ridiculous and untrue things?"

"Eve'ybody. Dey aint no story, Miss Rebie. Dey's de, befo' Gawd, gospel truf. You ax Wallis. Wallis been tellin' we-all ha'rnts was buttin' 'bout in dem graveyard woods, same as chimibly swallows in one ole barn, fur nigh three mont's an' wouldn't nobody 'bleeve him. Say 'twas jus' Wallis's foolishness; dat he git skeered at he own shadow in de daytime. Wallis say ne'er mind, t'other folks gwine see it pres'ny."

"What did Wallis see?" The young lady's voice was mocking.

"Wallis say how he an' one n'other man was out coon huntin' 'long in de spring an' ole Boler trail one coon tho' de woods close by de ole church. Wallis say jus' as dey got right 'ginst de church, not

thinkin' 'bout no ghos'es, nor nothin' 'cept-in' de coon, all de windows of de church glowed out in a light an' somethin' inside started a fuss, like folks gittin' happy with religion. Wallis an' t'other fellow took out in a run like patter-rollers was arter 'em. Dey never draw'd breath good 'twell dey got to A'nt Nancy house an' shut de door. Unk Patrick was settin' in de chimbly corner an' he jus' larf at dem niggers—he larf, an' he larf—say dem two de skeeriest niggers he been see sence freedom come out. Wallis, he say ne'er mind! Unk Patrick, he done quit larfin' now."

He regarded the young lady gravely, and, seeing she was paying attention, proceeded with his story.

"Arter dat Unk Patrick come by de graveyard one time hisse'f an' see one ole ha'rnt standin' by one dem or graves whar got flat rocks over 'em. Unk Patrick say he wa'rnt skeer'd none hardly, an' de moon was shinin' an' he stood dar an' watched. Say ole ha'rnt look like he spit on his hands an' retched over an' shove de rock; an' de rock it rolled away like 'twarn't nothin' but a sheet o' paper an' de ghos' he went right smack down in de grave an' draw'd de rock over him same as 'twas befo'."

Rebie laughed.

"The shadows played tricks on him," she said; "shadows do that sometimes."

"No'm," the boy persisted, "'twarn't nothin' played no trick. Dar aint no foolin' 'bout it. He seed dat speret plain as you kin see dat speckled pullet. Some white folks done see it sence den." This last statement was given in a tone which challenged further disbelief. Crum felt his position strengthened by it.

"Who?"

"Dem Kitchens. Dey was comin' home night befo' las', kase dey done make up de dif'ence good enuf to fiddle togudder agin, an' dey had been playin' fur 'em to dance by down at ole man Hunley's bigges' gal's weddin'. It was

jus' befo' daybreak, an' dem men was walkin' wid a lightwood knot burnin' 'count o' de woods bein' lonesome. Whenst dey got 'ginst de ole church dey seed a light shinin' out de windows same as Wallis done. Dey warn't 'feared an' dey went inside de graveyard, an' Jerry, he tried de church door. 'Twas fastened like it always do be, an' de light was shinin' fru de chinks. Luke, he's light an' spindlin' an' he got Jerry to give him a leg an' clumb up to one de windows," the boy paused and drew in his breath and sent it out again in a long sigh, his eyes dilated.

"What did he see?" demanded Rebie, her interest deep in spite of her incredulity.

"He seed," Crummie answered, his voice very impressive, "one ole ha'rnt gwine up de pulpit steps, sorter easy an' slow, wid what look like one little baby coffin in his arms. Luke couldn't see no lamp, nor nothin' like a can'el or lightwood knot nowhar; but de light was shinin' up out de pulpit same as out'n a tar-kilm a-fire. Luke Kitchen 'low 'twar jus' awful, an' whenst de speret sorter he'ist up de little coffin like he was aimin' to slam it down in de fire, Luke, he jus' holler out '*Good Gawd A'mighty!*' loud; jus' like dat. Den he dropped back on Jerry an' bof' of 'em tumbled on de groun'. Whilst dey was busy untanglin' demselves an' fixin' to run away de light inside de church went out an' dar come a mighty big fuss, like de roof had done squash in, an' dem men jus' lit out—lippitty click—layin' hoofs to de groun' same as horses gallopin'."

Rebie was immensely amused. She could readily account for the vision beheld by the two fiddlers. Weddings are generally convivial occasions and old Hudson Hundley, a man living back among the laurel brakes, had for years, been suspected of illicit practices by moonlight. He owned a bit of land with an orchard on it and always appeared to have

money to spend, although he never glutted the local market with dried fruit, and had no visible source of revenue. A festivity at old Hundley's would, Rebie thought, put men in a condition to see most anything in the way of spirits. As to the tales the negroes told she attached no importance to them, any more than she had always done to her Mammy's superstitions, or the stories of witches who took off their skins and rode broomsticks at night, of animals who talked and schemed, and of serpents who milked the cows and finally turned into negro women, with which her imagination had been regaled in childhood. According to the colored seers every graveyard in the country was surrounded by a cordon of ghosts of great activity and unlimited resources.

She signified her willingness to Crum to act as his protector, and went in-doors to put on her habit while he saddled her horse. When Count was brought around she was waiting at the gate, and put up her hand to her favorite's neck to caress him before mounting.

"Why did you put on the old saddle, Crum?" she inquired, noticing that the girth was rather insecure.

"Couldn't find no y'uther," the boy explained. "Miss Bernard, she got de keys in her pocket an' she gone down to de fish pond wid Mars Julian. Dat all right!" as Rebie gave the saddle a shake. "It jus' as strong as it kin be. I done tied it wid a piece o' rope."

He held the horse by the bit until Rebie mounted, and then scrambled on his own steed, a heavy-looking plow-horse accoutred with a blind bridle.

When they neared the old church Crum was for increasing the speed; but Rebie, bidding him go on if he were afraid, turned aside and rode up to the wall of the inclosure. The place looked peaceful and undisturbed, a very quiet haven into which an old hulk might drop after life's long buffeting, and there go to pieces in untroubled calm. The association, even

in imagination, of nocturnal perturbation with such a restful spot seemed almost like profanation.

The way led them past the house of Eagle's Nest, for the perfidious quadrupeds of which they were in search, had strayed far a-field. It was a square brick building with a stone portico, substantial, angular, and shamelessly devoid of beauty. The road led along just outside the yard fence and Rebie glanced across at the house, noticing, as she did so, that the parlor windows were open and that Redwood was sitting on the porch. He took off his hat and rose from his chair with the evident intention of coming to the gate to speak to her should she evince the faintest disposition to stop. Rebie returned his greeting, and, as she did so, unconsciously threw most of her weight on the stirrup side of the saddle, a thing she had been careful to avoid because of the infirmity of her girth. As luck would have it the very instant she had sacrificed equilibrium to courtesy her horse got his foot in a hole and stumbled; the rope in which Crummie had placed his trust proved no better than rotten hemp, and Rebie found herself lying in a heap in the middle of the road with her horse, startled and bewildered, gazing at her from the extreme limit of the bridle, which she still held in her hand.

Almost before she could realize the disaster Redwood had lifted her to her feet, and was hurrying out inquiries in an anxious voice. Rebie noticed that his face was pale, and it struck her as a curious coincidence that she should have horse-back adventures with both her lovers.

"I am not in the least hurt," she assured him. "It was an utterly safe and ignominious tumble. Bernard had my saddle locked up and was off with father somewhere with the key. Crum cobbled up this one with rope, and the result you have witnessed. Indeed I'm quite sound," observing that he watched her anxiously. "I'm not even shaken or hysterical, only

ragged and abominably dirty." She glanced smilingly down at her dust-covered habit, and indicated with her foot a gapping rent.

Redwood's hand sought the lapel of his coat with a man's instinctive gesture when a pin seems to meet the occasion. The search, as usual, was abortive.

"Come up to the house," he suggested, "and I'll get you a needle and thread, and dust you down a bit. Were you going anywhere in particular?"

Rebie explained to him that she was only taking a ride, and it was arranged between them that Crum should be dispatched on his errand, while Redwood, after fitting the saddle with another girth, should himself escort the young lady home.

The Eagle's Nest parlor was a handsome room, very lofty in the pitch and wainscoted from floor to ceiling. From the dark background of the woodwork the old portraits, in heavy frames of faded gilding, stood out in relief; the ladies in short-waisted white gowns, with high puffed sleeves, or with lace kerchiefs demurely folded over full, velvet-covered bosoms, and the men, most of them with strangulating stocks and fancy waistcoats. The old spindle-legged piano was covered with a dark red cover wrought with a border of needlework of the sort on which a past generation wasted much time and eyesight. Other specimens of the same work decorated ottomans and fire-screens and spoke volumes for the industry of dead and gone Kennedys. On the mantel were old time ornaments, candelabra with crystal pendants and quaint vases of Wedgwood and Dresden wares. The place had a restful look, as though, having held its individuality through generations of change, it might continue to hold it until time itself should cease. The influence of the room suggested permanence.

Rebie was familiar with the place and, as she entered, glanced around with much

the same affection in her look that she was wont to bestow on the old rooms at Broadoaks. There was a family likeness in all the Kennedy homesteads. While Redwood went for the promised needle and thread, she noted the infinitesimal changes which the unguarded occupancy of a man had produced. There were newspapers littered about, and some books on mineralogy which she had never seen before, but no cigars or pipes, and no odor about the place of stale tobacco. Redwood was a smoker, she knew, and it pleased her that he should, as she supposed, have respected the room which had always been the peculiar charge of ladies. The truth of the matter was, however, that Redwood preferred his cigar in the open air in summer, and furthermore had only moved a few of his possessions into the parlor the day before, because it happened to be the coolest room in the house. Usually he sat or worked in a smaller room across the hall, when he was not in his office at the mine.

The ornaments had been removed from the marble-topped centre-table and the table itself covered with a linen carriage-robe, and pushed in front of one of the tall, narrow windows. The light fell full upon a handsome microscope on a brass stand, an assortment of chemical apparatus, a collection of specimens of minerals and a small heap of sandy, gravelly soil on a fragment of newspaper.

Redwood returned with a dainty little sewing case, of the sort prevalent at fancy fairs, and a large and business-like looking whisk-broom. He made Rebie stand up and brushed off her habit in a masterly and scientific manner. Then he would have given her a cordial, protesting that her nerves must have received a shock and that she must submit to be prescribed for. He even brought out a tiny flask of exquisite Bohemian glass and a fairy like cup that was like a delicate rose-colored jewel. But Rebie would have none of it, vowing that it blistered her



throat and that she had sustained no shock at all. She took the little flask in her hands, however, and expatiated on its beauty and shook it so that the flakes of gold quivered and floated in the crystal fluid like star-dust in ether.

"How beautiful these things are," she said, and held the little cup to the light, turning it to enjoy the prismatic hues struck out by the sun's rays, and reveling in the perfection of its color with the abandonment of an artist. "Tell me of them. I know so little of the countries from which they come," she glanced at him with eyes filled with interest.

Then, exhilarated by the fact of having her alone with him, under his own roof, as it were, and moved also by a deep purpose, Redwood talked as he had never talked before, as, in all probability, he could never talk again. In language that glowed with color and light he painted for her scenes of richness and beauty which for the moment, caused the primitive life she had led to shrivel into angular and limited outlines. As with the wand of an enchanter he caused her to see the delights of beauty, of wealth, of culture, the development possible from travel, from association with the rich and cultivated, from the opportunities which money alone can command. He pictured for her visions of enchantment woven of material delights, of form, of color, of all that can stimulate the imagination or appeal to the senses, worthy of a lotos-eater's dream of paradise. In one word, he showed her the halls of Eblis through eyes, as yet, unopened to the burning hearts which those that dwell therein must bear forever in their bosoms.

Rebie leaned forward in her chair and listened; her hands lay together in her lap, the needle motionless, the rent forgotten, her eyes dilated, her lips were parted, her breath came quickly. A part of her nature hitherto unstirred was responding to Redwood's touch as an instrument responds to the hand of a master. These

visions of a fuller, freer, more exciting existence than she had ever pictured to herself, even in day-dreams, thrilled her imagination and caused her nerves to quiver like the action of a powerful drug.

And the man before her saw it and exulted and wove his spells around her fancy with the subtlety of a magician. He would be her master, he proudly told himself. When he could come to her and say, "Come with me and behold the world and the wonders thereof," when he could lay chains of gold on the delicate wrists and bind the throat and hair with jewels, she would place her hands in his and follow him through life, till death. This last hour's insight into the weaknesses of her nature had given him his cue; had showed him afresh the power and the might of gold.

The sun was sinking fast; quivering, horizontal rays fell across the lawn and through the open window, touching the two faces, brightening the aureole of Redwood's hair until it glittered like burnished gold, and striking answering rays from the jewel on his breast and from the rings on the girl's still hands. A long finger of light fell athwart the table and seemed to point to the heap of ore and gravel. Redwood turned to it and, leaning over, raised a lump of grayish-white rock, seamed and flecked with tiny threads and points of metal, and handed it to her.

"There is the magician's wand," he said, slowly, "*that* for us also can open the way to all the beauty and enjoyment of which this life is capable. *That* is the secret of power, for before it all men bend as the genii of the Eastern legends bend before the spell of the magician."

Rebie turned the bit of quartz in her hands and looked up at him. "It is—" she hesitated and caught her breath.

"Gold."

He moved nearer; his eyes holding her eyes with strange domination; in them burned a light which the girl felt com-

municating itself to her own. She shivered, and then, with a swift sense of danger, rose hastily to her feet and turned from him with some half inarticulate exclamation about the lateness of the hour.

Redwood pulled himself together, checking the words which were trembling on his lips. Under the stress of excitement, the influence of her presence, he had been near committing a serious indiscretion. He had no wish to speak just yet. There would be time enough for that when he should have carried his point about the gold. In the meantime he was satisfied with that which he considered the success of his experiment. He would bide his time.

During the homeward ride there was but little said. Each felt that, in some mysterious way, they had passed through an ordeal, and that, for all time, their relations toward each other were changed. When Redwood lifted her from her horse at the Broadoaks gate Rebekah could have truthfully affirmed that, to outward seeming, his manner of performing the service was the same that it had ever been—yet, there was that in his touch, his look, his very atmosphere which stirred and troubled her nature to its nether depths as water is troubled by the falling into it of an extraneous substance.

She leaned on the gate and watched him as he rode away in the gathering twilight. There had been no question between them of his coming in: neither wished it. When his tall figure had been swallowed in the gloom, and even the sound of his horse's hoofs deadened by distance, she turned and walked slowly to the house, her mind working along unfamiliar lines. Bernard was singing to her father; the air and even the words floated out distinctly to where Rebekah stood on the porch steps:

"My love is young and fair,  
My love has golden hair,  
And eyes so blue, and heart so true  
That none with her compare;

So what care I—  
Though death be nigh,  
I'll fight for love, or die."

The girl listened, with her head bent to the sound. And over her mood there gradually crept a change such as takes place when swamp vapors are lifted and dispelled by a southwest wind.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

"YES, *sir!* That thar is *my* notion 'bout the matter. 'Tis, for a fact," and Luke Kitchen brought his clenched fist down into the hand which rested, palm upward, on his knee with a resounding thwack. "You can't git buckle an' tongue to meet under n'ary n'other strain. Ghos'es! Shucks! Who believes in sech foolishness?" His tone was indicative of boundless contempt.

"Heap o' folks do. You warn't fur off frum bleevin' it yerself, night afore las'. You *run* like you had corns'id'rble faith."

Jerry turned his quid in his cheek and reached down for a stick to whittle. The brothers were sitting on a beam which had been cast aside near the engine-house of the Lone Jack Mine. They took a little spell at mining, now and then; it diversified farming and was more productive of ready money. It was the dinner hour and the hands who worked above-ground and a few who were employed near the mouth of the shaft had finished eating and were sitting about, smoking and talking until the signal should be given to resume work. The men who worked in the mine took their meals down with them and consumed it in the galleries. It saved time and trouble.

Near the mouth of the mine there was quite a village of shanties, a store, and the big building in which was the engine, and the places for sorting the ore and getting it ready for the stamping-mill. In one corner of this building was Redwood's office, and near it lay the beam whereon

the men sat. Near the office window, but hidden from the men by the angle of the house, an empty packing box had been turned over to form a seat. On it a heavy looking negro, with powerful shoulders and a face like an unfinished image roughly outlined with the fingers in a lump of tar, had placed himself, with his dinner pail beside him.

The Kitchen brothers looked liketwins, although there was, in reality, several years difference in their ages. They had the same grizzled brown hair, worn long, the same blue eyes, the same scraggy beards, and the same obstinate, high-tempered expression. Standing, they were of different build, Jerry, the elder, being heavier and more muscular; but sitting, as they now were, slouched forward with their elbows on their knees, the likeness between them was marvelous. They were discussing an adventure which had befallen them a night or so before, and differed, as usual.

"You war pow'rful flustrated," Jerry persisted, keeping the matter in a light he thought likely to be aggravating. "You 'lowed befo' Gawd an' ther Gospel that you hilt it fur a ha'rnt."

He laughed; a short dry chuckle, reminiscent of delight in his companion's terror. Luke echoed it, but with an inflection that indicated a different object of derision.

"You war tremenjeous skeered yourse'f," he averred, with fraternal frankness. "An' you hadn't no excuse n'other. Not havin' seed what I seen. You run like a plumb horse-racer. You did for a fact."

"'Long o' bein' nigh mashed flat'en a pan-cake, by you settlin' down 'pon top o' me like a sack o' meal on a mill flo'. Hit shook up my thinkin' machine so bad that I just made out to follow arter you like one sheep follows another."

Luke grinned derisively.

"You didn't *run* like you was mashed none to hurt," he observed. "An' frum

ther time you made an' ther rate you traveled, I'd hev said your thinkin' machine was workin' tolerble peart. You hadn't *seed* nothin' n'other."

Here he had Jerry on the hip and he knew it. His brother, not having beheld the singular scene presented by the interior of the church, was obliged to accept his—Luke's—description of it. It gave him an advantage which he was disposed to push to its limit.

"Shucks!"

The tone was intended to relegate both the sight and him who had gazed thereon to the limbo of an unutterable scorn. Luke, being hardened to such demonstrations, pursued his own line of thought uninfluenced by the fraternal attitude.

"No, *sir*! I have bin a perfessin' member o' ther Method'y persuasion fur nigh fifteen ye'r, an' I've seed a heap o' devilments in my time by day an' night, but I allus know'd 'em fur human devilments, an' I don't b'leve thars no y'uther sort 'pon this y'earth. In ther Scripter it's sot down fur a p'int-blank fact that ther dead shall be raised at ther Jedge'ment Day, an' thar aint n'ary word said 'bout thar gittin' up no sooner. N'other I don't b'leve they does. Ther time is sot apart, an' ther dead air hilt down to it no matter how servidgerous they gits 'long o' bein' cramped with keepin' still so long. Thar aint no pardonin' out afore ther time's served."

"Who whar thet you *say* you seed over yonder at Broadoaks church night afore last, ef 'twarn't a ha'rnt?" Jerry demanded, emphasizing the word "*say*" with discourteous force.

"'Twar er man—same as we all."

"How you make thet out?"

"Bekase I been figgerin' it out in my thinker ever sence I shuck off ther notion o' its bein' er ghos', which I wouldn't er took up with ef I hadn't been frolicin' an' got my religion overlaid with eatin' an' drinkin'. He war a broad-shouldered fellow in a white b'iled shirt an' his gallus.

buckles shined in ther light. I seed 'em plain as ever I seed my own whenst I've hitched 'em over my own shoulders a-holdin' of my breeches up whilst I done it."

The negro had poured some cold coffee from a bottle into the top of his tin bucket and was lifting it to his mouth. He paused, and bent forward, listening; the coffee dribbled through the little slit in the top, where a ring had once been soldered on, and the drops fell, one by one, down on his knees.

"What about thet thar light in ther pulpit you 'lowed were ther blaze o' ther bottomless pit? An ther baby coffin ther ha'rnt war a-handlin' so brash?"

"'Mout er been a lamp or a lantern sot inside, on ther pulpit flo'. An' ther baby coffin—fur ther thing didn't look like nothin' else, 'cepten maybe a fiddle-case—'mout er been some sort o' box. I aint had time to figger it all out, but er nat'-shul born fool would know er ha'rnt couldn't tote no box!"

"I dunno how he'd know so smart ef he hadn't never seed one," objected Jerry, making an unfair double. "'Taint sensible to lay down ther law p'int-blank 'bout what a ha'rnt kin do, an' what's beyant his power 'twell you git acquainted with a ha'rnt an' larn his motions."

Luke was provoked, but he knew his brother's spirit and could gauge its contrariness by his own. He had a theory to develop, and the time for the signal to resume work was close at hand, so he could not afford to be touchy. He had heard a bit of news which had set him thinking and putting two and two together.

"Ever see ther new doctor chap whar settled in Memnon las' winter?" he abruptly demanded.

"No. What of it?"

"Folks say he's terrible severe—don't think no more o' cuttin' up a fellow to see what ails him 'en we all would o' slicin' into a hog. He's that keen arter his trade thet he'll root corpses out'n thar graves,

arter ther dirt have been trompled, an' ther kalkerlation made thet they are safe 'twell Jedgegment Day, ef so be he takes er notion they've slipped out'n this world by a way thet's onbeknownst to him. I p'intly do despise to see a man so eternal ser-vidgerous an' meddlesome."

"Look like a man *have* got a right to *die* anyway he want to, 'thout no odds bein' took." Jerry volunteered the remark in a reflective tone.

"Does so," acquiesced Luke. "But this here young fellow won't 'gree to it. They say he hev got some pore creeter's bones a-settin' up in ther cornder o' thet thar office o' his'n a-grinnin' an' a-shakin' in every puff o' wind like he war a-back-steppin' ter music. An' thet thar pore creeter 'lowed whenst he laid them bones in ther groun' thet thar they'd rest 'twell ther horn blowed an' Jedgegment Day broke over ther mountains. An' all his relations an' his friends 'lowed ther same thing whenst they was a-wailin' an' a-weepin' o' briny tears, an' a-pattin' ther dirt down on him with thar shovels. An' thar he be now a-grinnin' an' a-back-steppin' in that thar doctor's office. It's an' everlastin', all-fired, dog-goned scandal! That's what 'tis!"

His tone was a curiously graded mixture of indignation and pity. He took a cotton rag out of his hat and wiped his forehead and his fore-arms. The sun was at the zenith and the day was hot. When he had replaced the rag he resumed:

"Thet thar leetle gal baby o' Steve Fletcher's whar died week afore las'—folks say ther leetle creeter went mighty cur'ous. Look like she war conjured, or somethin'. All ther wimmen-folks frum fur an' nigh tried thar hands doctorin' her, an' done ther best they know'd, an' ther bes' thar fam'lys know'd plumb back to thar great-grandmammies. 'Twarn't no use. Ther leetle creeter war took, an' they say thet they hadn't even put her in ther coffin afore this doctor fellow come thar to ther house o' mownin' an' wanted



to hold what he called a 'mortal zamination,' or some y'other sort o' devilment, jus' to find out what kilt her. Like what dif'ence on God A'mighty's y'earth it could make to them thar mowners *what* ther child died of arter she was gone. Whenst ther word was spoke among 'em Steve retched up over ther door an' took his rifle out'n ther hooks an' jus' *dar'd* any man to lay so much as a finger on his baby."

"Steve would'r blowed daylight through his blamed carcass, I reckon," commented Jerry. "Serve him right, too. Any fellow whar'd ram a knife into ther pore, pitiful flesh o' a leetle baby—an' a gal baby too—ought'r be walked plumb up to ther highest tree an' hanged by his neck 'twell ther las' durned spark o' his mean life air squose out'n him."

Science meets with rough recognition at the hands of prejudiced ignorance. And when it so happens that intellect and emotion are forced to look horns, intellect, in nine cases out of every ten, is pushed to the wall.

The negro man's coffee had all dribbled through the slit and soaked into his garments; but he still sat with the bucket top in his hand and made no effort to go on with his meal. His heavy face wore a perplexed look, and his eyes brooded.

Jerry leaned suddenly forward and laid his hand, the long, nervous hand of a musician, in spite of its roughness and sunburn, on his brother's knee.

"Whar war thet baby buried?" he questioned, in a low voice.

The other man caught the implication in an instant.

"Not *thar*," he said. "She war buried in Steve's garden. His wife wanted ther child put close by so she could 'tend to ther little grave. Wimmen set store by such things."

A thought had seized hold on Jerry and struggled for expression.

"Thet ha'rnt over thar," he suggested,

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and jerked with his thumb in the direction of the Broadoaks graveyard.

Again Luke apprehended his inference with marvelous quickness.

"I've been addled with ther notion ever sence I hearn 'bout Steve's baby. Thar aint been no white buryin' in thet graveyard, howsumever, sence ther Colonel's mother war put away, an' that's nigh ten ye'r ago. He couldn't want nothin' long o' *her* this late in ther day. Just a passel o' bones is about all lef' o' them Kennedys, I reckon. Thar's ther ole nigger though."

"Any man would like his folk's bones to stay whar he put 'em," Jerry remarked. "An' 'specially his mother's."

The signal sounded and the men rose to go back to their work. The negro rose likewise and fastened up the bucket which still contained the bulk of his food. He raised the box a little and slipped the little pail under it and slouched around to the door of the engine-house. The great wheel had lifted a bucket of ore to the surface: it rose slowly, swung free of the mouth of the shaft and veered toward the negro, who reached out a strong iron hook, drew the bucket to the receiving pen and dumped out the ore.

Redwood rode up and dismounted. He stood for awhile near the shaft watching the operations. The negro drew near, pausing in his work, and extended his hand for the bridle. Redwood surrendered it without turning his head, but with the customary formula of acknowledgment of service. His communications with colored people were always of the briefest and dryest. There was none of the sympathetic affinity with humanity for its own sake, which is a concomitant of broad and tender natures, in Redwood's composition. Colored people were to him now simply very defective and unsatisfactory implements which he was forced by circumstances to employ for the furtherance of a specific end. As sentient creatures capable of love and pain they

had no interest for him. It was a pity. The wag of any sort of dog's tail is a pleasanter thing than the sight of his teeth.

The horse whinnied softly and rubbed his nose against the negro's shoulder as he

was led away. They appeared to be old acquaintances.

The manager came forward and accosted Redwood, and, after a few moments conversation, the two men entered the office together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN the old times—or perhaps we should rather say in the middle of the present century—the friends of the working-classes were not a little offensive in their patronage, and artisans were addressed in a way which must have been singularly galling to high-spirited men. Many clubs and other institutions were founded, but unhappily the promoters always chose to treat the workmen as babies or imbeciles; and the better sort of men refused to endure such treatment. Dickens was very active in traveling about just at the time when the philanthropic movement had become most acute and offensive, and he broke out into a characteristic torrent of rage after one peculiarly severe infliction of oratory. The words of Dickens seem to have been forgotten, but they are worth remembering. "It is a proof to me of the working-man's self-control that he never strikes out, pugilistically, right and left when addressed as one of 'My Friends,' or 'My Assembled Friends'; that he does not become unappeasable, and run amuck, like a Malay, whenever he sees a biped in broadcloth getting upon a platform to talk to him; that any pretense of improving his mind does not instantly drive him mad, and cause him to toss his obliging patron like a mad bull. For how often have I heard the unfortunate working-man lectured as if he were a little charity-child, humid as to his nasal development, strictly literal as to his catechism! \* \* \* What pop-guns of jokes have these ears tingled to hear let off at him, with asinine sentiments, what impotent conclusions,

what spelling-book moralities, what adaptations of the orator's insufferable tediousness to the assumed level of his understanding! Consequently, not being a fool or a fawner, he has come to acknowledge his patronage by virtually saying, 'Let me alone. You mean very well, I dare say, but I don't like it, and I won't come here again to have any more of it!'"

A CHILD'S LIFE. The portion of a child's life which is not occupied with books needs an equal share of patience and even more exercise of justice and sympathy. A mother has not only to take into consideration her own direct influence but also the treatment of her children by their nurses and governesses. She may herself be strictly just and impartial—not exacting at one moment and overlenient at another, not too indulgent to one child, and too severe on another; yet she will possibly find that her governess, and will almost certainly find that her nurse errs in one of these ways. Still it is of infinitely greater consequence that children should reverence their mother than that they should hold their nurses and governesses in high esteem. Of course they should learn to treat these with respect—and the advantage of a good nurse or governess cannot be overestimated, but should children perceive—as they promptly will if they have cause—that the person who has temporary charge of them is "not fair," no such fatal harm will be done as would result if they held a like opinion of their mother's conduct.

## THE WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL

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THE accident had been a dreadful one. Through the carelessness of a switch-tender a passenger train had jumped the track, and plunged over a high trestle work. Twenty people were killed at once, and at least forty injured. Among the latter was James Saybrook. Some had bruises and broken bones; others were taken up insensible, and after lingering for a few days, died without returning to consciousness, a merciful dispensation. The physicians pronounced Mr. Saybrook's spine so seriously injured that they could hold out but slight hope of his recovery.

He was a vigorous man of middle-age, with a lovely loving wife and three children; full of plans for a career he meant to make noble and useful. His reputation was wide and lofty, his personal friends numerous and warm; he had a moderate fortune, and a pleasant home. What more could life offer? Yet here he lay, the victim of a man's carelessness.

It seemed to his wife that, with him, all she cared for was fading away. Her children were about her, but they were young. They leaned on her, and she had clung to her husband for help to bear the cares and burdens of living, till she had grown as a vine grows, weak of stem, unable to stand alone, prostrate if unaided. Now she was wearing out a strain of suspense and anxiety, trying to keep her face calm, and her hands steady; leaving the bedside only when flesh and spirit could bear the stress no longer, and to stay would have been dangerous to her husband and agony unendurable to her.

So it went on, day after day. Sometimes he was better, or she thought so; oftener he was worse. The alternations of

hope and fear tortured her, and in watching the minute symptoms and the trivial details, she lost all power to comprehend the case.

She did not see that he gained nothing, that no day found him stronger, but that every week he lost something, and suffered some new pain. But the end came, and to her came suddenly. She was called from her troubled sleep, to find him unconscious, to see him die, speechless and unrecognizing. As she buried her head in the pillow beside her dead, she longed to be dead, too. But the children called from without. Life challenged her, even in her despair. They must not enter, so she rose and went out to them. They were children, they could not even know what death was, and their questions, their want of grief stung her to the quick. She was not generous or sympathetic enough to understand them, and for the first time she felt a fierce impatience of their presence, and sent them away to the nursery. Then she was quite alone, and began to realize it.

But why should I describe the dire anguish we have almost all of us suffered in some form? What I have to do with is Mrs. Saybrook's life after the funeral pageant was over, the grave green, the children taught their sorrow by those about them, and then comforted out of it into forgetfulness. But Harriet Saybrook did not forget; time could not comfort her. She felt, day by day, more deeply her loss; she fathomed its meaning; she knew it to be past repair; in the language of Scripture, she "refused to be comforted."

Her children were careless, happy, and in health; they had their school and com-

rades; but she had made few friends in Salem, where her husband had brought her a bride.

She was not a woman of broad nature, and yet she was intense, she had found all she wanted or needed in her husband's affection and society. Even the children were secondary to him in her heart; and, though she had acquaintances in her own social sphere, and dispensed charity as freely as her means would allow, there was no one now to whom she could open her heart, and thus find the relief of "the grief that speaks."

A dreary Sunday in November had come to an end. The twilight shadows had fallen, and, after going into the nursery to see the children safe in bed, she went down into the library to spend a solitary evening. The rain beat fiercely against the windows, and, in its gusty pauses, the surf sent its thundering echo on the wings of the wind, even through the heart of the town. She stood before the fire, in her sombre widow's weeds, gazing absently into the flickering flames. She was thinking about the proclamation for Thanksgiving Day, that had been read from the pulpit that morning, and a smile, sadder than tears, crossed her lips.

"Thanksgiving!" she murmured. "I keep Thanksgiving?"

She sank into a chair, and lost herself in a gloomy reverie. She thought of the many times she had kept that festival, kept it outwardly and in spirit, for she was a good woman, and had meant to be a grateful one, till three months ago.

She remembered her childhood. How long the years seemed then; how she looked forward to the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins in the old red farm-house; and what wonderful viands grandmother always spread before them.

Then she was a girl, coming back from school, and her brother brought his class-mate home with him "to spend Thanksgiving." So she had met her husband.

Her brother was dead long since; and now James. A low cry escaped her; the fire grew dull; and she went on with her reverie of the past. Then came her wedding on Thanksgiving Day.

After that, were not all her Thanksgivings alike full of cheer, gratitude, blessedness? And now—

"I shall not try to keep Thanksgiving," she said, dreamily; and, looking up she saw her husband sitting opposite her in his own chair, which she had never moved from its place by the hearth. Strangely enough, she felt neither surprise nor fear, nor did she remember her loss. It seemed so natural to see him there, that only a sweet sense of peace stole over her soul. He looked at her with tender gravity, and very clearly and slowly repeated a favorite quotation of his: "Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy," adding, "there are other widows beside you, Hattie."

Other widows? What did he mean? A brand fell, blazed up, and went out. She started up and looked eagerly about. The chair opposite hers was empty. The clock on the mantel struck nine. It had marked the half hour, she remembered, just as the first hands fell together. It had been a dream then. She shivered and came back to reality, lighted the lamp, fed the dying fire, and returned to her new grief. New, because that face had been so real, her gladness so deep, and now it was lost once more, with a fresh bereavement. But, though the tears fell hopelessly and fast from her eyes, and her heart ached anew with rebellious anguish, still his words kept recurring to her. She had not thought of that before. There were other widows, no doubt, others sorrowing with her sorrow, in kind, if not degree. She remembered several whom she had visited in her charitable rounds, and was startled to remember how she had passed their sorrow by, without any real sympathy. A sense of companionship stole upon her as if, suddenly wrecked



on some desert shore, she had met with beings of her own race after long, lonely weeks of silence and despair.

Then the thought flashed across her that these women must dread the recurrence of Thanksgiving, just as she did. Why could she not ask them all to keep the day with her.

She fell asleep thinking the matter over, and awoke in the morning with a shame-faced sense of some light and interest creeping into her life, hitherto so sacredly wretched. Then she remembered her dream—her husband's sad, grave face. Perhaps she had done wrong in mourning him so devotedly that even her children had been set aside from their place. Possibly it would please him better if she carried out her plan.

When the morning's duties were fulfilled, she sat down again by the fire—not to dream now, but to plan for action. But whom should she invite? For she began to see that Mrs. Broome, who lived in the fourth-story of a tenement-house and earned a precarious living, would hardly be a fit companion at dinner for Mrs. Graves whose husband had left her a large fortune.

A text from the Bible flashed into her mind: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." With a thrill in her darkened soul, she recognized the Master's call. She was a sincere Christian; but her love and her great loss had come between her and duty. The question as to her guests was settled, and in the afternoon she went out on her errand. She selected six poor widows, who would probably not have feasted, but fasted at their own homes. Mrs. Saybrook felt that there was a weight off her mind, and felt also that she had been a happier and better woman for the last week. The children entered joyfully into the idea of a Thanksgiving so novel, and all the more that their mother told them with trembling lips: "Papa would like it."

At last the festival-day came. Mrs. Broome smiling in her new cap, and Mrs. Perkins trying to look blandly indifferent, were the first to arrive. Then the carriage made a second trip, bringing lame Mrs. Hutchins, very meek in her alpaca gown, Mrs. Peck, proudly stepping along, and Aunt Hannah Bromfield, as "genteel" as she could make herself in a new muslin neckerchief. "Widder Johnson" lived round the corner, so came on foot, entering with a new ear-trumpet in her hand and her face radiant.

The dinner proved a great success. The "baby" of the house sat in his high chair by mamma, but the elder boy and girl waited on the guests, and enjoyed their office.

"Them is sweet children of your'n, Mis Saybrook," sighed Mrs. Broome. "My! if I'd had chick or child, 'twould have been such a blessin'."

"That's so!" chimed in Mrs. Perkins. "I had two on 'em, to be sure, when Perkins was took; but they warn't no comfort to speak of, for they went and had diptheery inside of six months, and one of 'em died right off just as sudden. T'other one held by quite a spell, but she was the miserablest you ever saw. I couldn't feel to keep her here a mite longer. I wanted for her to get rest and easement so."

Mrs. Saybrook's arm stole about little Willie, and Mrs. Hutchins said very gently:

"I expect folks each has their special troubles. I can't but remember 't wen Josiah died and left me nigh about helpless with hip-trouble, and a young babe, too. It did seem as though nobody ever had or could have no affliction like mine, but somehow I got along, and I found that there was others quite as bad off as I was, and the Lord helps the lame and the poor," and a smile and tear together set their bright seal to this confession of faith.

"Well!" said Mrs. Peck, with an aud-

ible sniff and a hard voice, "I don't think I was the worst off that ever was when Peck died. He was a drinkin' man. I didn't know nothin' of it when we was married. He had the tremens three times and died on't, and I went out a-sewin', to keep body and soul together. I could have taken care of myself ef my eyes hadn't ha' give out a spell ago."

Mrs. Saybrook regarded her with infinite pity.

"You don't none of ye hev jist my trial," said Aunt Hannah Bromfield. "Tom Bromfield was fust mate to a whalin'-ship when we was married. My sakes! how lively he was. He had money, too. He was real well-off. 'Twas kinder harrowin' to hev him up an' off for a three years' voyage right away, and then he didn't stay home no time, when he did come, but I had twins for to show him when he come back fust, and you never see a man so pleased. Well, them boys was company for me, you'd better believe. They was always a-talkin' about pa, an' where he went to, an' what he did, and a-tellin' about whales and harpooners and hed their little ships a-sailin' in the pools. It makes me laugh now to think of their tricks," and Aunt Hannah drew her red silk handkerchief across her eyes, not as if she were laughing.

"The fust I knowed, my boys they was eighteen year old, and they hadn't seen their pa more'n six times, but he came back then, and there they was as likely men as you'd see; and he had money in the bank, and he and John Stims they clubbed and built a whaler o' their own, and Tom was cap'en, and John first mate and nothin' would do but them boys must go along fust voyage.

"Well, it's thirty years ago. I'm past sixty-eight now, but I don't like to talk on't. The upshot is, sea and waves roarin' day an' night, and night and day; winds a-blowin' an' tempest howlin', and no more boys, nor husband, nor nothin' and

here I be. I do' know so much as where their bones do lie, nor I haven't this thirty year."

There was a dead silence. Nobody felt like breaking it, but little Ray, who had listened with her sweet blue eyes wide opened and her lips apart, put both her arms about Aunt Hannah's neck, and with a child's quick wisdom, gave her a resounding kiss.

"That done me real good, dearie," she said. "I kep' a school for children twenty odd year. I do' know but what I should ha' died but for them. Waitin' is work, now I tell ye, but I haven't got nothin' to wait for now—only for the sea to give 'em up, and that's pretty fur ahead."

The others said nothing. Doubtless, they too had their sorrows, but they would sound tame after Aunt Hannah's recital. When dinner was over they gathered about the drawing-room fire, and tea was served. Soon afterward the carriage took them away in relays, and Harriet Saybrook sat down in the library and hid her face in her hands.

What had she not to be thankful for? Living affectionate children, a long sweet memory of love and care lavished on her, of complete happiness, an ample provision left—not only for her needs but her comfort. How terribly ungrateful, how unthinking, how sinful she had been. Only one cry could burst from her lips:

"I do thank Thee! Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

And neither she nor her guests of that occasion ever forgot her first, but not her last, "Widowed Thanksgiving Festival."

MRS. IRENE FOSTER.

TIMIDITY creates cowards and never wins success. It is a strong and abiding faith in one's own ability to perform which overcomes difficulties that others think cannot be surmounted.

## HOLME FARM.

HOW be I ever goin' to tell Harnah?" Israel Holme let the pitchfork fall from his trembling grasp, and staggering against the hay-rick, buried his face in his toil-worn hands. The late November sun peeped above the shed roof, scattering a few pale rays over the bare little farmyard. The breeze, with a foretaste of approaching winter in its chill, whistled drearily in and out of the wide cracks of the dilapidated old barn, and with sudden gusts sent wisps of hay flying hither and thither. It stole noiselessly up to the feeble figure crouching upon the hay-rick, and tenderly caressed the scanty gray locks straggling from under the shabby fur cap. Old Dobbin, nibbling a hasty lunch from the frost-bitten grass creeping out from under the rickety gate, glanced up uneasily from beneath his shaggy mane. With a sympathetic whinny he at length limped stiffly across the yard and rubbed his nose against his master's shoulder.

'Squire Lamson drew his heavy overcoat closer about him.

"Ahem. Sorry for ye, neighbor, but nobody can say I've ben hard on ye. Here your interest has been pilin' up for amatter o' two year an' more, an' I've never distressed ye for't; but business is business, an' ef ye can't raise the money somehow, I'm goin' to foreclose, that's the long an' short on't. I've dilly-dallied long enough," and the 'Squire straightened himself determinedly.

"I'm not blamin ye, 'Squire," ejaculated the other, feebly, "I've been hopin' as how times 'ud change, but the crops have all failed, an' that air shock last spring was a warnin'. This old right arm never'll do much more diggin'. But to take Harnah to the poor-house, O God!" and the gray head sank with a groan.

'Squire Lamson shifted from one foot to the other hesitatingly.

"Don't take on so, neighbor. Your workin' days are pretty much over, that's a fact. They'll make you an' the old lady comfortable as crickets up there. I see Hodge an' the selectmen yesterday about it an' they're goin' to look out for ye."

No answer was forthcoming, but the bowed head sank lower.

"What a blamed fool ye was to indorse for that good-for-nothin' brother o' yourn. You'd have been well fixed for the rest of your days with this snug little place, an' that pile in the bank."

"I promised mother I'd allus look out for Samuel. He'd have paid me every cent ef he hadn't been so unfortunite. He died square with the world, an' I thought I did fer the best."

"Yes, an' a pretty mess you've made of it," glancing almost contemptuously at the dejected figure before him. "Where's all those boys you've brung up an' made a home for? Why don't they step up an' give ye a lift?"

Israel Holme shook his head despairingly.

"There aint one on 'em I could call on but Charlie Evans. He was like an own son to me. But he must be dead an' gone, poor feller. He went to Californy fifteen years ago come April, an' we've never heard a word from him sence."

"Well, you've only yourself to blame for the fix you're in. Look out for number one, that's my motto. I'll give ye till the fust of December, an' if ye can't scrape up the money by that time, ye must travel. Your land jines on to mine handy, an' I've got a new man comin' that'll take the house just as it stands. Ye remember the furniture's included in the mortgage?"

with a sharp glance at the half-dazed face, "not as it's worth much, anyhow."

Israel Holme rose with something of his old-time dignity.

"I remember, 'Squire. Ye needn't fear. Ye won't have any trouble. We've allus ben honest an' we won't cheat ye out of a penny. We'll go—me an' Harnah."

The 'Squire drew on his gloves briskly.

"Well, then, ef I don't hear from ye I'll send my man over the first Monday in December to take you an' your traps an' the old lady over. Don't be down in the month, neighbor. You've had a long life o' hard work, an' now you're goin' to board at the expense of the town—ha-ha! Well, good mornin' to ye. Glad our little business is all settled comfortable," and the 'Squire carefully unblanketed his sleek pony and whirled swiftly down the lane.

Israel Holme sank back on the hay-rick. To leave the old farm, the family inheritance for generations. One after another visions of the past floated before his dim eyes. He was a child again, plucking the wild roses in the meadow at the foot of the hill, or wading gleefully in the brook that rippled through the lower orchard, and close behind toddled little "Sam'wel," then, as always, the elder brother's idol. For him he gathered the first spring flowers and heaped grape-leaf cups with wild strawberries. The busy mother's soft-blue eyes kept tender watch over them both as she flitted to and fro in the ell-kitchen in her quaint petticoat and short gown. He was a young man once more, leading his bride, sweet little Hannah Elmore through the low, brown doorway. The father and mother were sleeping in the little church-yard on the hill-side opposite. Samuel, "little Sam'wel," had gone to college, through his brother's thrift and generosity. Then came the children—two merry boys and a delicate girl with her mother's eyes. For a brief season the humble home seemed almost a heaven to the fond young parents, then, one after another, three little graves were

ranged beside the aged grandparents. He and Hannah were left alone once more in the silent house. Hannah, her sweet face softened and chastened by grief, yet always raised to him in loving greeting when he entered, weary with the toil of the day. One autumn day chance brought a homeless orphan boy, tired, hungry, and footsore, to their door. In Charlie Evans Hannah saw the image of her own lost sons and lavished on him the wealth of her mother-love. Year after year he grew into the hearts of his adopted parents. But a young man's restlessness drew him to the land of gold, and long summers and winters had slipped away in silence. News came ever and anon from "Sam'wel." He was winning his way in the great world. How proud Israel was of the little brother who still in manhood leaned upon the elder's strength almost weakly. There came a crisis in business affairs. Samuel must raise a large sum of money. Israel would indorse for him, must save him from ruin. It was a mere matter of form—he would return every penny. Israel did not fail him. He seemed to hear his mother's voice throbbing through her boy's pleading tones. He wrote his good honest name firmly across what would otherwise have proved worthless paper, and made it trustworthy in men's eyes. Then came the crash that swept away home, investments, the hard-earned savings of years. Israel and Hannah, unrepining, hand in hand, strove to begin the world again, and retrieve their broken fortunes. But it was too late. Their life-forces were exhausted. A slight shock of paralysis warned Israel that already his feet were entering the valley of shadows. And now there was nothing left for dear, loving, patient Hannah, whom he had vowed to cherish, but—the *poor-house*. He had brought her to that. The shed door creaked on its rusty hinges.

"Be you here, Isra'l? Dinner's pipin' hot, but the wind blows so I s'pect you



didn't hear the horn a-tootin." She pushed the door wide open and peered out, a slight bent figure, with delicate wrinkled face and timid brown eyes, that still retained something of the softness of their youth. She gazed uneasily around the farm-yard and groped her way down the steep path. "What is it, Isra'l?" laying her little withered hand on his rough coat-sleeve, and gazing up in his face anxiously. "You haint hed another bad turn, have ye?"

"No, I'm a-comin', Harnah," with a sorry attempt at cheerfulness. "The 'Squire an' me, we've ben talkin' business, an' it kinder sot me to thinkin'," taking her arm and guiding her unsteady steps up the pathway.

"He haint ben pressin' ye ag'in about that air mortgage money, has he? 'Pears like we can't raise it this winter, nohow."

He led her silently into the cozy kitchen and drew her down beside him on the old-fashioned settle. She nestled closer, trembling with an unspoken dread.

"Harnah, the Lord has afflicted us sorely in years gone by, an' we've allus ben able to say 'blessed be His name.' But now everything's gone from us, the old home an' all that's in it, an' there's nuthin' left but the poor-house in our old age."

He dared not look at her, but he felt the sudden tremor that shook her from head to foot. She tottered to her feet and helplessly felt her way to the window where she never failed to whisper good night, softly, to the three little graves gleaming in the distance, ere she retired to rest.

To leave the rooms where she loved to dream the tiny feet still pattered to and fro, where, in her loving memory, every work was linked with their little innocent lives. Ah! this was the bitterness of death itself. She turned and gazed at the old man, prostrated by this last terrible blow. All her woman's love and sym-

pathy went out to him in a full tide. She knelt and clasped both frail arms about him.

"Dear, we can bear it. It's so near the end of the journey, an' we'll be together."

The first of December drew near. The aged couple helplessly awaited its coming. There was no hope, no helping hand that could be stretched out to avert this calamity. Sympathy was not lacking. Kindly neighbors remonstrated, and condemned the 'Squire in unsparing terms for his brutality.

Silently they wandered from room to room each day, taking leave of each dear familiar object. When the second of December dawned, dull and leaden, with now and then a snow-flake fluttering aimlessly down, they stood upon the broad door-stone, their few worldly possessions neatly packed in the worn carpet-bag, where the 'Squire's express wagon awaited them. A group of neighbors surrounded them, the women weeping, the men dumb with sympathy.

"I do declare," sobbed good Margaret Hearn, "my heart is just breakin' with such goins' on. If you'll only consent, John, they shall have a seat by our fire-side, and a bit and sup with the children, an' it's a blessin' they'd bring, the saints!"

But John was prudent. He and Margaret had six children, and their little rocky farm yielded a scanty livelihood. So, though his heart fairly ached, he kept silence, and only wrung old Israel's hand in both his hard ones, and lifted Hannah tenderly into the high vehicle. She turned her patient old face wistfully toward the familiar doorway, nodded a tremulous good-bye to the sorrowing group clustered about it, then clasped her hands about her husband's arm. The wagon jolted down the rough roadway, and "over the hills to the poor-house."

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Across the far Western plains a train

is steaming eastward. The passengers, having just risen, dressed, and breakfasted, are refreshed for the new day of travel. In one compartment is a cozy family group—father, mother, a sturdy youngster of seven, and a wee maiden of four summers. The husband studies his wife's face critically. "You are sure, Mary, that you do not regret the step you have taken? It is not too late even now to retrace our steps if you desire it." A bright smile answers him, "Do I look like a homesick woman, Charlie? On the contrary, I am only too impatient to reach our destination and see with my own eyes the dear old people who made your childhood so happy."

"Tell us again about the poor little boy that was *you*, papa," and master Philip climbed the paternal knee and settled himself with an air of proprietorship.

"And the dear 'tittle 'ooman," chimed Daisy, squeezing in beside her brother.

"Will you never tire of hearing that story?" twining one of Daisy's flaxen curls around his finger. "Well, once upon a time there was a poor little boy, not much older than you, Philip, trudging along a country road one frosty autumn morning. The little fellow had no father or mother, and there was nobody to care for him, so he was trying to find some farmer that would let him work for his food and clothes and perhaps a little schooling. The little boy was very tired and hungry, for he had walked a great many miles since sunrise." Here Philip winked very fast and Daisy, patting her father's hand encouragingly, interposed, with shining eyes, "And then he saw the dear 'tittle 'ooman." "Yes, dear, with such motherly brown eyes smiling at him from a cottage doorway. She led him in and gave him a good breakfast, listened to his pitiful story with tears in her eyes, and finally she and her good husband kept the little boy and gave him food and tender care, and he grew up into a great big papa."

"And she made him turnovers and gingerbread mans," added Philip, with satisfaction.

"An' we're goin' to have the dood man an' the dear 'tittle 'ooman for our danpa an' danma, an' live with 'em forever an' ever," said Daisy, folding her small hands quaintly in her lap.

"Do you know, Mary," said her husband, "as we go farther East a strange dread oppresses me. Suppose, after all, they are both dead? No answers have come to my letters in all these years. Suppose I never have an opportunity to cancel my great debt?"

"God is good. You will surely find one or both of them," she answered, softly.

One clear January morning the little party drew near their destination. Skimming over the snow-covered hills, snugly enveloped in fur robes, the children were in an ecstasy of delight and expectancy as they at length approached the little brown farm-house. Charlie Evans glanced with dismay at the smokeless chimney and closed shutters. Involuntarily his eyes sought the little church-yard on the hillside. No new graves, thank Heaven! He sprang to the ground and peered into the deserted kitchen. The tall clock in the corner, the red cricket, his own particular seat in the chimney-corner, Israel's old arm-chair with its well-worn arms, even Hannah's half-knit stocking on the familiar workstand, forgotten in the bewilderment and grief of her departure—all was as he remembered it a score of years ago.

"Mary, you and the children can go no farther. I will force an entrance, build a fire, and leave you while I make inquiries. There is some mystery here."

Jubilantly the flames leaped up from the hearth as if rejoicing to be rekindled. The little ones fairly reveled in the glow and warmth and watched with wondering eyes the reflections in the still shining andirons. Charlie leaped into the sleigh and disappeared over the hill. An hour

elapsed ere he again drew rein at the farm-house door, and with set face and whitening lips told his incoherent story.

"And now, Mary, I have ordered an abundant dinner and efficient help sent down from the hotel in the village. Give me all the wraps you have. Please God, the dear old people will soon be home again."

Urging his horse to its utmost speed he fairly flew over the intervening miles. Poor "Crazy Sally" came courtesying down the path to greet him.

"Welcome, my lord, thrice welcome to our castle! Aye, up there," with a wild gesture in answer to his hurried inquiry.

He bounded up the narrow stairway, and, controlling himself by a strong effort, pushed the door ajar. A barely-furnished room, unvisited by the sun, Israel cowering over the smoldering fire, Hannah, worn and pale, sitting by the uncurtained window looking out over the desolate landscape. Silently he entered. The old couple surveyed him with dazed eyes, then

with a low cry, which seemed to give voice to all her pent-up grief and homesickness, Hannah rose and held out her trembling hands, "O my boy! my boy! have you come back to me?" while Israel sobbed aloud. Oh! the joy of that home-coming, the swift ride, warmly wrapped by Charlie's careful hands, the first glimpse of the dear old home, the smoke curling up in the clear air from the wide chimney. How the children shouted and danced with delight as papa strode up the path with the "dear little woman" in his stalwart arms. How Mary drew them over the threshold, with kisses on each withered cheek and whispered promises of a daughter's love. The aged couple laughed and cried as they again sat down to the familiar table spread with Hannah's own blue china. How they all talked together and wondered over letters sent and never received. And when night closed in upon them, the very stars seemed to smile a loving welcome back to the dear old home.

**BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.** It is not the smile of a pretty face, the delicate tint of a complexion, the luring glance of the eye, the beauty and symmetry of person nor the costly dress or decorations that compose a woman's loveliness. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comfort and relief to the distressed, and, above all, her humanity that constitutes true loveliness. Disraeli observes: "It is at the feet of women we lay the laurels that, without her smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquence, that guides the brain in the august toil of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however oppressed—if he only love and be

loved, he must strike a balance in favor of existence; for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty and can lighten the fetters of the slaves. Beautiful women may be admired; but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?"

It is probable that not a little harm is done in the education of the young by unduly appealing to the sense of wonder. Wonder is essentially a stupid emotion; it certainly is the one that stupid people are most eager to gratify. In lieu of wonder, however, we may very usefully stimulate curiosity, and this may be done in a general way by representing everything as leading us on if properly considered to views and truths beyond itself.

## GREAT-AUNT SARAH.

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### CHAPTER I.

SHE was knitting in a somewhat leisurely fashion before a comfortable fire in the old wainscoted parlor right under the portrait of her great-aunt Sarah. As she sat there no one could fail to be struck by the likeness between the living and the pictured face; in both the same delicate oval shape and colorless tint, the same clear-cut aristocratic nose, great gray eyes and sensitive mouth, the same finely arched brows, black as the hair which shaded them. But with these outward features the resemblance ended. Miss Frances Latimer's had nothing of the fire, the indomitable energy and power of the older face; there was more patience, gentleness and, if less pride, more soft and womanly dignity in the expression and bearing of the younger woman. With her slight, tall figure bent a little forward in her high, old-fashioned chair, her long, white fingers moving gently about the coil of wool on her lap, Miss Frances, for all her thirty-three years, was a young and attractive picture enough. Her thoughts were wholly retrospective, and tinged with a little melancholy. She still wore mourning for her great-aunt Sarah, the last near relative she had in the world, the woman who had taken her as a pitiful little orphan to the old ancestral home, and had been all the father, mother, sister, and brother the girl had ever known. The proud, stern woman had idolized this child, the last member of one of the oldest families in the county, and had thought nothing too good for her darling. All that care and money could do had been done for the little Frances; her education had been of the best, above her natural abilities indeed,

and it had left her a well-bred gentlewoman with delicate and somewhat artistical tastes rather than a cultivated and brilliant genius. As the girl grew to womanhood, her social position, the fact that she would be something of an heiress, and, perhaps, more than these, her dainty charm of person and manner, brought several suitors for her hand. She was gracious and kindly to all, but her heart remained untouched, and old Madam Latimer was well content to have it so. Her own married life had been none of the happiest; she had had no children, and the current idea was that this disappointment had embittered her husband against her. Be this as it may, it is certain that his death left her with a soured, warped judgment of men and matrimony and it would have needed strong feeling on the part of Frances and super-excellent qualities on the part of her suitor to reconcile the old lady to her marriage with one of the despised sex. Birth, fortune, looks, morals, and manners, must all be of the best in the man lucky enough to win Frances. As year after year went by and she reached her twenty-fifth still unmarried, the neighbors began to despair, when suddenly her Fate met her in the shape of a penniless sailor, the younger son of a country squire of no great social pretensions, who came on a visit to his cousins, the Vicar of Latimer and his wife, and who fell head over ears in love with the daughter of the Great House at first sight of her on Sunday in the family pew. Frances, for her part, had seen a tall, commanding figure, and a plain, frank face, redeemed by unmistakable intellect and a pair of extremely beautiful kindly eyes, and had, little by little, allowed herself to be won by a finer nature and



cleverer mind than any that had yet paid court to her. The relations between the Great House and the Vicarage were all that was pleasant and cordial; Mr. and Mrs. Graham spent at least one evening every week with Madam and Miss Frances, or *vice versa*, and common courtesy demanded the extension of welcome to their guest, the young lieutenant. Then Frances had her district to visit, and this necessarily entailed running into the Vicarage on the way and asking advice from the Vicar, or good Mrs. Graham. Of these opportunities, it is needless to say, Jack Fanshawe availed himself liberally, and yet with such happy tact that Madam Latimer never even suspected the state of affairs between the young people; so blind are we when we most need our eyes.

If good Mrs. Graham had her suspicions she kept them to herself. Jack had not taken her into his confidence, and, as yet, his love-making, though serious enough, had been of a tacit, undemonstrative character, upon which one could not easily dogmatize. She did not see how he could very well speak plainly; his position as a penniless sailor with nothing to look to outside his profession made it impossible.

His prospects in his profession were bright enough; he had always succeeded in everything he undertook from his first attempts to walk and talk, but his expectations were hardly proportionate to Frances Latimer's birth and fortune. But in reasoning thus Mrs. Graham overlooked the very qualities which had hitherto been the main factors in Fanshawe's success—a simple directness of purpose, a quiet knowledge of his own power and strength of will, and a fine youthful scorn of mere worldly obstacles.

Jack, though a modest man, had some reason to think that Frances cared for him, and he was not going to leave Latimer without securing, if possible, the greatest desire of his life, the woman he

loved. The night before his departure he and the Grahams dined at the Great House. He had had a telegram that afternoon calling him home, but neither Mrs. Latimer nor Frances had any idea of his intention of leaving.

He determined to speak to the latter some time during the evening, and, as usual fortune favored him. Owing to some little *contretemps* in the kitchen, dinner was delayed for half an hour, and as the evening was fine, Madam proposed a stroll about the garden and a look at her roses, of which she was justly proud. The garden was bounded and crossed by walks hedged in with old yews, some ten or twelve feet high, and down one of these alleys, out of sight of the elders, still appraising roses on the lawn, Jack contrived to lead Miss Latimer. The sunset was still red above them, and the air was sweet with the scent of lavender and roses. Into the bosom of her simple white gown Frances had fastened a deep red carnation, it was the only touch of color about her. As she moved slowly down the walk, her soft skirts trailing behind her, she looked so like some lovely innocent angel, that Jack's purpose fell before a sense of his own shortcomings and a reverence for purity. All his bold plans crumbled to nothing but a confused feeling of impotence, a tongue-tied helplessness very foreign to his nature. He paced beside her, looking anywhere but at her. Frances made no effort to break the silence between them (she was always a quiet person), and at last in sheer desperation he said abruptly:

"I am going away for good to-morrow."

"Going away!"

The sudden uplifting of her startled gray eyes, the touch of surprised pain in her voice, the rush of color to her pale face, betrayed Frances's secret. Another moment more and she knew that she had betrayed herself. In an agony of shame she moved away from him, but the brief

sight of her face as she turned unlocked Fanshawe's tongue.

He caught her hand and drew her toward him with gentle force.

"My darling little girl—Frances! tell me you love me before I go! Tell me I may hope! I never, never can tell you how much I love you; how I worship and reverence you! Frances, speak to me! don't keep me in suspense!" he added, his eagerness lending a touch of command to his voice.

For all answer Frances lifted her sweet, proud face, pale now with a feeling too deep for shame or blushes, and looked him straight in the eyes. For a moment he held her so, and then caught her in his arms.

It was a night of Heaven to both, and how they came down to earth and the exigencies of common life and society they never knew. But do what she would, Frances could not hide the new light on her face, the unusual absence of mind, the fitful glance and ready blush. At last Madam's eyes were opened, and her anger grew with every look at the happy young creatures. That Fanshawe, a penniless nobody, should have dared to make his love so evident that a proud gentlewoman like her great-niece (great-aunt Sarah did justice to Miss Latimer's delicacy and breeding even in her anger) should have made it clear that she returned it, left the old lady pale and speechless with indignation. The Grahams felt a storm in the air, and despite Jack's pleading looks and remonstrances hurried home as early as they decently could, and on Frances's head fell all the torrents of her great-aunt's wrath. They were not the lighter for the fact that Madam, throughout, never once forgot her dignity; it seemed indeed to lend bitterness to her reproaches and point to her sarcasms. All the gallant gentlemen whom Frances had refused were brought up in formidable array against this new pretender for her hand.

Dutiful, patient, and gentle Frances remained throughout the tirade, but to one point she was firm. Mr. Fanshawe loved her and she loved him; she would never marry any one else, and she would marry him whenever he was ready for her. The old lady parted with her niece that night in cold displeasure.

"Am I to expect the honor of a visit from Mr. Fanshawe before he leaves?" she asked, bitterly, as she stood at her bedroom door; "or is this affair to be conducted on modern principles—without reference to those in authority?"

"Mr. Fanshawe said he would write both to you and me," replied Frances, timidly.

But the days went by and lengthened into weeks, and there came no sign of a letter from the young lieutenant. The Grahams went off for their yearly holiday, and Frances had no courage to speak to her great-aunt after her first attempt to learn whether that lady had heard from Fanshawe.

"If Mr. Fanshawe writes to me it is to be presumed that he will write to you," was all the answer she received.

Her heart sank within her; hope deferred and yet not quite abandoned began to tell upon her health. Then it was that Madam changed her manner; she appealed to her niece's pride; Fanshawe was evidently a heartless trifler, and was she, the last of an old and honored name, to fling away her heart and her self-respect after a man who had long since forgotten her? Mrs. Latimer softened the blows she inflicted by a renewed tenderness and care for Frances, and the double appeal to her woman's pride and her filial love was not made in vain. Pride forbade her to unburden her heart to Mrs. Graham; Fanshawe never again visited his relations, and it was only accidentally that his promotion and success came to her ears. She was glad of it for his sake, but still more for her own. Captain Fanshawe did not seem the same person

as the young lieutenant, and it was easier to forget him in his new and unfamiliar dignity. Little by little she regained her old calm of mind and manner; Fanshawe was banished from her thoughts and, as she hoped, from her heart. But hers was a faithful nature, and if she could not bear to dwell upon the scene in the yew alley, at least she could not repeat it with another lover.

## CHAPTER II.

MISS LATIMER rose slowly from her chair by the fire and with a little sigh of reluctance laid her work aside and crossed the room to an old oak bureau that stood sideways in the broad bay window, and drawing out the wooden rests, unlocked and let down the flap, thereby discovering a pile of tradesmen's books and letters to be answered. She sat down and attacked them with more virtue than good-will, and was deep in the problem of weights and measures in relation to pounds, shillings, and pence, when something leaped suddenly upon the table beside her, almost upsetting the inkstand and dashing the pen from her hand. "That strange gray cat again!" cried she, with an accent of vexation due more to the trials of house-keeping and accounts than to the presence of the cat, which was rubbing its head against her shoulder with a deep purr of pleasure. Miss Frances was extremely fond of animals, and when the said gray cat mysteriously made its appearance some days previously, she had not had the heart to drive it away. There was something in its size and stately movements, a calm superiority in its big gray eyes, which made the necessary adjuncts of departure—the brickbats and "shoo cats!"—assume a sort of moral incongruity almost amounting to a crime. Anyhow, the gray cat stayed on in the great house and appeared to have a special fondness for the wainscoted parlor and the company of Miss Frances. It was,

however, a dignified and undemonstrative creature, and it gave Miss Latimer a kind of mental shock to find that it could coax and purr after the fashion of the veriest kitchen kitten. It seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in the connection of the lady and the bureau, and rubbed alternately against the shoulder of one and the front of the other as if it had found a secret affinity between them. The interior of the bureau was lined with drawers, three on either side, and above them again with pigeon-holes full of letters, docketed bills, etc. The central drawer had a hanging handle of quaintly-carved brass, and with this the cat gravely played, patting it softly as it would have done a mouse. Miss Frances watched it for some time, half fascinated by its grace and by a puzzling sense of recognition. Where had she seen the gray cat before? It had the familiarity of an old friend. All at once the creature turned from the handle, and, lifting its head with an air of solemn pride, looked straight at Miss Latimer. With a mingling of pain and amusement, the reason for her perplexity flashed across her. As far as a cat can resemble a human being, in so far was the gray cat the very image of great-aunt Sarah.

Miss Latimer's amusement gave way to a consciousness of something like irreverence; the look of proud affection in the cat's eyes became unbearable, and with a little shudder she lifted it off the table, set it gently on the floor and turned deliberately to her books. The cat made no attempt to disturb her again, and she gradually shook off the feeling of discomfort it had caused her. Book after book was added up and laid on one side and the sum total of each set on a slip of paper till at last Miss Latimer loosened from her chatelaine a bunch of keys and proceeded to fit one into the middle drawer and open it. The drawer stuck and the force necessary to move it pulled it right out of its place in the bureau.

Instead of replacing it Miss Frances set it down beside her and drew her check-book out of it. The rattle of the hanging handle as she did so must have attracted the cat, for it leaped swiftly up into its old place upon the flap and began to scratch and sniff in the empty receptacle for the drawer. So intent was it upon this that at last Miss Latimer's curiosity was roused. She observed that the cat continued to pat and sniff at one side only of the hollow.

Could there be a mouse in it? Impossible. The hollow was clear and there was no hole or room for any animal larger than a fly.

The cat, seeing that her notice was attracted, left the hole and with beseeching eyes rubbed against Miss Latimer's shoulder. The latter bent down and carefully examined the hollow; nothing was to be seen. She put her hand in and felt all round the sides. A thrill of excitement went through her, for assuredly something had moved against her touch; she pressed more closely and deliberately and a small, deep drawer sprang out into the open space. She drew it out upon the flap and saw that it was full of letters, on the top of which lay a folded slip of paper sealed with her great-aunt Sarah's seal. It had no vestige of writing or address upon it, and Miss Latimer held it in her hand, hesitating whether to open it or not, when suddenly her eye fell upon the letters. She took them up and saw that they were all in the same handwriting—clever, decided, and obviously that of a man—and that they all bore the same address:

TO MISS FRANCES LATIMER,  
The Great House,  
Latimer,  
Northamptonshire.

"Miss Frances Latimer?" For a moment or two she wondered in a confused, foolish kind of fashion who this Miss Frances Latimer might be; then sud-

denly a mental illumination, an intuition lucid as a certainty, struck her with sharp pain.

They were Jack Fanshawe's letters, and they were meant for her!

A tumult of passions swept her quiet soul; curiosity, indignation, and re-awakened love. She trembled like a leaf and the cat evidently frightened at her emotion, sprang down from the table and took refuge under a sofa.

For some minutes Frances sat, the letters before her, the sealed paper in her hand, too shaken and confused to think or act, but at last she rose, moved to the fireplace and deliberately broke the seal and unfolded the slip of paper. It was written all over in her great-aunt's fine Italian hand, close, minute, but clear as print.

Frances gave one look at the face above her looking calmly and proudly down upon her agitation, and with a sudden hardening of eyes and heart began to read:

"Should this secret-drawer and its contents ever come to the eyes of my great-niece, Frances Mary Latimer, or of any of my descendants, it is necessary to my honor and that of our house that there should be some explanation of its existence. I shall not speak here of the love and hopes which I, an old and weary woman, have centred upon Frances; she best knows how great they were.

"She also knows in some sort my repugnance to matrimony and my innate distrust of men. If I could have done so consistently with my loyalty toward our house and name, I would have kept her unmarried. As it was, I desired to see her marry one who would consent to take her name, and whose birth and fortune at least equaled her own. Years went by and she refused many so-called eligible offers, and I had begun to reconcile my sense of loyalty with my natural wishes



and to look forward to a future for my child, honorable, peaceful, and undisturbed by the chances and uncertainties of married life.

"These hopes for the future were rudely dispelled by a suitor for her hand who found favor with her, a Mr. Jack Fanshawe. I failed to see that he could have any attraction for her; he had neither good looks nor fine fortune to dazzle with, and I had no anxiety about their frequent opportunities of meeting. That a young man who had no position or means should venture to make open love to my niece was a possibility which I, with my old-fashioned ideas of honor and duty, never contemplated even for an instant."

The swift blood rushed to Miss Latimer's face, and her lips curled contemptuously.

"I ought to have known how little weight such words as 'honor' and 'duty' would have with the son of Lucy Fanshawe. I have no wish to speak evil of the dead, even though through her came the bitterest sorrow of my life, the alienation of my husband's affections; but she was at best a careless, heartless woman, and I was thankful she never paid but one visit to our neighborhood. In that one visit she contrived to ruin all my happiness, and, though I hope I have forgiven her, I cannot trust one of her name and blood. After he left Latimer, Mr. Fanshawe wrote me two letters urging his suit with Frances; to her he wrote no less than six times. His letters to me I have burnt, they were mine and were of value to no one else; but my sense of honor forbade me to destroy or read letters addressed to my niece. I have therefore no knowledge of their contents, and can only beg that those into whose hands they may fall will destroy them unread if my niece should happen to be dead, or hand them over to her if living. I hope and believe that the pain I shall have cost her by withholding these letters will be amply compensated and atoned for by the suffering

I shall thereby have spared her. As the wife of Mr. Fanshawe she could never have been happy, and her happiness is now my only care and thought.

"SARAH FORDYCE LATIMER."

The paper fell from Miss Latimer's hands, and with passionate eagerness she caught at the letters. They were arranged in order of date, and all bore the stamp of a manly and honorable passion. The two first were glowing outbursts of a love which the writer said he "had hardly dared speak of to her in first blessed realization that it was returned." The third was still tender, but full of reproach for her silence; the fourth showed a just and growing resentment, and the fifth coldly relinquished a suit to which her continual silence was nothing less than an insult. Nevertheless in the last letter, which was dated two years later than the others, the writer told her that he had obtained promotion, and that, with a legacy left him by an uncle, justified him, he thought, in renewing his entreaties. A spirit of pride as great as Madam's own breathed in the later letters, and it was evident that the persistent silence of the woman he loved had at last worn out Captain Fanshawe's patience. Frances laid the letters on a stool near the fire, and sinking down beside them burst into an agony of weeping. She was torn with conflicting emotions, resentment against her great-aunt fought with an acute sense of the pathos of the lonely old lady's great love for her; Fanshawe's tenderness and pride, the thought of all he must have endured at her innocent hands, the memory of those eight years during which she might at least have had the happiness of his love, all crowded upon her with overwhelming bitterness and confusion. How long she lay and wept she could not have told; she was wakened from her trance of passion by a soft touch upon her hand and a pitiful wail. They came from the gray cat, who had jumped upon her knee and was ex-

hibiting every sign of dumb sympathy with her trouble.

Miss Latimer rose quickly to her feet and drove the poor animal from her with inconsequent anger; she felt she must vent her wild sense of injury upon some one, and was not the cat the cause of her knowledge of that injury? With trembling hands she gathered the letters and paper together and laid them again in the secret drawer and returned it to its place.

The cat still continued to miouw piteously, and Miss Frances, who was at heart a tender creature, suddenly felt a quick revulsion of feeling toward it. It was unjust to make a scapegoat of a mere dumb animal. She went down on her knees and coaxed the cat to come to her. It crept up in a half timid, half caressing fashion, and she took it up in her arms and stroked it gently. It was a consolation to have the love and sympathy even of a cat.

### CHAPTER III.

"MRS. GRAHAM, please—Miss Frances;" with which introductory formula peculiar to herself, Ainley, the parlor-maid, ushered in the Vicar's wife, beaming with smiles, and laden with parish magazines.

Miss Latimer went to meet her with eager pleasure, and kissed her warmly. The shock of the morning had left her nerves vibrating, and her manner showed that she was still under the influence of some strong emotion.

Mrs. Graham noticed this touch of excitability—she was a person who prided herself upon her powers of observation—and her curiosity was roused.

Frances had felt Mrs. Latimer's death deeply, as was to be expected of one of her still and faithful nature, but she had not been demonstrative, or overstrung in her sorrow. Besides, ten months' mourning might be supposed to take the edge off grief for one's great-aunt, and she such an

old lady, too. Mrs. Graham would give worlds to find out why Frances showed such unusual agitation; it took her back in memory eight years, to the night before Jack Fanshawe left the Vicarage in radiant spirits, suggesting many interesting possibilities, but confessing to nothing. His subsequent silence on the subject of Frances had, at first, greatly irritated Mrs. Graham, who had all her sex's curiosity and interest in love matters; but one forgets many things in eight years, and Mrs. Graham had practically forgotten the whole affair till this moment. The Vicar and his wife had made several attempts to induce Fanshawe to renew his visit, on those occasions which found him on shore, but finding him obdurate they had given up asking him to Latimer, and of late years he had very seldom been in England. Mrs. Graham had suspected Frances as the reason for her cousin's disinclination to revisit the Vicarage, and she now determined to sound her—with tact and discretion be it understood.

"How nice to see a fire!" she began, throwing aside her circular cloak and letting Miss Latimer relieve her of her bundle of papers. "We are still trying to think it is summer, and haven't begun fires except at night; but these September days have a touch of winter in them, and I really think I shall begin a fire in the dining-room next Monday."

It was one of Mrs. Graham's little idiosyncrasies to begin everything on a Monday.

"Yes, it does look comfortable," rejoined Frances, moving restlessly about the room. "I am rather a chilly mortal, you know," she added.

"By the bye," remarked Mrs. Graham, with apparent irrelevance, but, in reality pursuing an undercurrent of thought, "you remember Jack Fanshawe, my husband's cousin?"

"Perfectly well," replied Frances, as simply as if Jack Fanshawe had been a topic of daily conversation for the last

eight years. Her mind had been so occupied with the thought of him, that Mrs. Graham's abrupt question fell quite naturally upon her ears. That good lady experienced a pang of keen disappointment—her little shaft had failed of the mark; but she had another in her quiver.

"We are hoping for a visit from him in a few days," she continued, carelessly, but eying Frances as a cat might a mouse. This time she was satisfied.

Miss Latimer turned quickly to the fire under the pretense of poking it, but not so quickly that Mrs. Graham could not see the blush that dyed her face and the trembling of her hands.

"We haven't seen him for eight years; not since he was last here, in fact. He was a charming fellow, didn't you think?" A confused murmur from Frances encouraged the Vicar's wife to further efforts. "I wonder if he is much changed? It seems strange, doesn't it, that he should never have married; he is just the sort of man to make a perfect husband, and he has met so many delightful girls, and, with his position, he might so easily have married. His mother and sisters adore him," she continued, a little discomposed by Miss Latimer's persistent silence and attention to the fire.

"His mother—Lucy Fanshawe!" came involuntarily to Frances's lips; "do you know her? I fancied she was dead," she said, rising and seating herself near Mrs. Graham with her back to the tell-tale afternoon light.

"Oh! Lucy Fanshawe wasn't Jack's mother; he is the only son of the second Mrs. Fanshawe, a very different person to poor Lucy. I knew them both. Lucy was a poor creature; pretty, you know, in the sort of style men admire, but a silly, empty-headed little thing. How a superior man like Mr. Fanshawe ever came to marry such a woman I never could understand," cried Mrs. Graham, waxing virtuously indignant over such a waste of good things.

"I thought it was just the kind of thing superior men always did," suggested Frances, with a fine smile. Her heart leapt up at the thought that she need no longer connect her old lover with the woman who had wronged her great-aunt Sarah.

"Well, he made up for it by marrying Mary Majendie," continued Mrs. Graham; "Jack gets his sweet, lovable nature from her and most of his cleverness. She's a delightful woman. Plainier than Lucy, but the sort of woman who fascinates you, so that you don't think how she looks. She must have spoilt her son for marrying; he won't easily find another woman like his mother."

"No, of course he won't," stammered Frances, hurriedly, conscious of saying something peculiarly futile in her desire to take a natural tone in the conversation.

"I used to think you had something to do with it, my dear," Mrs. Graham hazarded this suggestion with a sort of timid archness, and was not encouraged by the way in which Miss Latimer received it. The flush on her delicate face deepened; she drew herself up, rose, and ringing the bell, said coldly and with an evident desire of conveying a rebuke to her too officious friend:

"Are you ready for tea, Mrs. Graham?"

"Whenever you like, my dear," replied the poor lady, in accents of conciliating meekness, and the conversation promptly flowed into shallower and safer channels.

"You've got a new cat, I see," remarked Mrs. Graham to Ainley, as the latter opened the front door to her half an hour later.

"Yes, mum, a stray cat it is, but it's a fine animal, a handsome proud-like creature, and walks about for all the world as if the whole place belonged to it. I says to cook this morning," continued the privileged old servant, lowering her voice with a cautious glance at the parlor door. "I says to Martha, 'If that there cat isn't

the living image of old Madam, I should like to know what it is!' And she says to me, 'Lor', Ainley! so it is, though I can't say as I ever noticed it afore you mentioned it!' Look at it now, mum, a-crossing the 'all!' Mrs. Graham glanced at the cat gravely and solemnly pacing the passage, and gave a little confidential laugh.

"Don't say that to Miss Frances," she said, as she gathered up her skirts and took her departure.

"Dear no, mum!" ejaculated Ainley, with a toss of her head.

"Mrs. Graham don't think nobody has any sense but herself," she muttered, as she turned away to the kitchen.

Certainly Mrs. Graham did not credit the Vicar with sufficient discretion and tact to be admitted into her secret suspicions of the state of Miss Latimer's affections. She merely hastened the invitation he had proposed to give his cousin, and seconded it so warmly that Captain Fanshawe was left without an excuse for refusing it short of absolute rudeness. He was ashore for some time, and he had never ceased to profess the most affectionate feeling for his cousins. He could not well get out of it, thought Mrs. Graham. How far his acceptance of her hospitality—for he did accept it very graciously—was due to a certain postscript to her letter must be left to conjecture.

"I wonder if you remember pretty Frances Latimer? She is as pretty as ever, and nicer if possible, but she is left in a very solitary position by the death of old Mrs. Latimer, though I suspect the dear old lady was a bit of a dragon, and that Frances will be the gainer in the matter of liberty."

Suffice it to say that Captain Fanshawe came down to Latimer the week after Mrs. Graham's somewhat unsuccessful attempts to sound Frances on his behalf. He was browner and broader, and, his

cousins thought, handsomer than in the old days; he talked less and the expression of his face was sterner, but the frank smile and kind eyes were unchanged. Mrs. Graham found him very attractive. How would Frances take him? That was the one thought uppermost in the good woman's mind.

Captain Fanshawe had asked after her and had agreed quite quietly to a proposition that he should call with Mrs. Graham upon her, but when it came to the point of taking him, Mrs. Graham had a queer sinking at heart which she wouldn't have confessed to for worlds. Captain Fanshawe was embarrassingly silent during their walk up to the Great House, and Mrs. Graham was reduced to a fragmentary monologue, for her cousin's half-absent monosyllables could scarcely be said to constitute a conversation. Between her struggles to talk and appear at ease, and her curiosity and anxiety, the poor lady worked herself into a perfect fever, and it was with an extraordinary sense of relief that, as they walked up the drive, she espied Frances gathering roses on the lawn. There were topics of conversation and chances of escape from dilemmas in the open air and the big garden not to be hoped for between the four walls of a sitting-room.

She called out, while still far off, to Miss Latimer, wishing to give her the benefit of the distance between them in which to quiet any possible agitation.

Frances looked up with a start, and came slowly toward them. She had on a gown of some soft woolen stuff of a light gray color, which hung in straight, simple folds round her slender figure; her face was shaded by a big garden hat, and her hands were full of autumn roses. She was the very Frances of eight years ago, and it seemed to Fanshawe that Time must have been playing a trick upon him. His heart went out to her with all the old tenderness and a new feeling of reverent pity when he saw the pained timidity of



her glance. She shook hands with both, and hoped Mrs. Graham would come in and have some tea. Mrs. Graham asked nothing better, but it was no part of her programme to leave the great sunny garden, instinct as it was with interesting memories and possibilities. Might they not first walk round the rose garden?

"You cannot have forgotten how lovely the roses are here," she said, appealing to Fanshawe.

"I have forgotten nothing," he replied, with quiet intention.

A painful flush dyed Miss Latimer's face, and her lips quivered, but she mastered her emotion and led them across the lawn to a strip of garden still bright and fragrant with late roses.

"They are almost over now," she said, gently; "Captain Fanshawe should have seen them a month ago, shouldn't he, Mrs. Graham?"

"Ah! they were perfect then," ejaculated the Vicar's wife. "By the bye, dear, I see Johnson coming down the side-walk; may I just go and speak to him about our new chants? Johnson is our best bass," she explained, "and I promised Tom I would see him. You show Captain Fanshawe the rest of the garden."

"With pleasure," murmured Miss Latimer, but her tone was the reverse of delighted, and Mrs. Graham felt that her little ruse lacked the finesse on which she prided herself. She must leave her companions in a more natural manner.

"O Frances! I quite forgot to ask after that strange gray cat. How is it?" she inquired, airily.

"Oh! I am so unhappy about it," cried Frances, catching eagerly at any pretext for detaining her friend; "it has disappeared as mysteriously as it came, and we are afraid it must have been caught in a trap."

"No doubt, no doubt; poor thing, I am sorry," and so saying the Vicar's wife edged gradually away, leaving Frances in an agony of nervous embarrassment.

Captain Fanshawe looked at her for a moment and mastered a wild desire to take her, then and there, in his arms, regardless of Johnson and the Vicar's wife.

"Will you show me the yew alleys again?" he asked, with studied carelessness. He was half afraid she might run away from him.

"If you like," she faltered, leading the way with hurried steps.

Fanshawe followed her, making no attempt to speak until they were fairly between the high green walls of the memorable walk where he had first told her he loved her. Suddenly he stopped; she was trembling so that she could hardly stand. He came close to her, looking down at the shrinking gray figure.

"Frances, do you remember?"

She lifted her hand to her throat as if to compel her voice, and to still its throbbing.

"Will you forgive me?" she whispered, in broken, humble tones.

"I will forgive you on one condition," he said, taking her hands in his strong clasp. Frances raised her eyes questioningly; what she saw in his made her quickly lower them. "I will forgive you, my beloved, if you will only tell me that you care for me a little, still," he pleaded, passionately.

"But I wronged you so; you have forgotten," sobbed Frances.

"What do I care?" he cried, taking her in his arms. "Don't cry, my darling, for Heaven's sake, don't cry! Those eight years are a dream; it was last night you said you loved me, my Frances. Let me hear it again!"

"I love you, I have always loved you. Ah! if you knew! It was a dreadful mistake. I must explain, I must tell you!"

"You shall tell me what you like when you are Mrs. Fanshawe," laughed Jack, in the fullness of his joy. "It would spoil the illusion now. I am still a penniless

lieutenant, and you are my little Frances, not a bit less shy for all the eight years. Let us forget them."

"You are very generous," Miss Latimer murmured, "you take me without a word to show that I did not treat you as shamefully as you must think. Oh! I must explain, please."

"I believe you will have no peace till you have made a full confession. There's a seat just behind you; come, now for your sins!"

"They weren't my sins—"

"I thought as much," interposed the Captain.

"And you must promise me you will not be angry, or speak harshly about the person who separated us."

"My dear child, remember I am human!"

"I can't tell you if you won't promise, Jack," the effort at familiarity cost Frances a very lovely blush. "Please, for my sake."

"I will if you will kiss me," replied Fanshawe, boldly.

"Ah! you are unkind," cried Frances, with a still deeper blush, and moving a little away from him.

"Well, there, I promise. But I will claim payment afterward. Begin!"

But when the tale of great-aunt Sarah's iniquity was unfolded to him, Jack found it hard to keep his word. He rose abruptly from the seat, leaving Frances trembling and fearful, and paced stormily up and down the green alley.

At last he came and sat down beside her and turned to her with his usual, frank, kind smile.

"My dearest, don't look at me so pitifully; we will forgive and forget it all, if you so wish it. But I shall claim my reward!"

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Two years later, Captain and Mrs. Fanshawe were dining with some friends in town, and as the party was a small one and made up of congenial spirits, conversation flowed freely and touched on many subjects. As last it came round to the theory of the transmigration of souls. One of the party, a clever young lawyer, defended it with quaint insistence, and not a little plausibility, and Fanshawe was amused to see his pretty wife eagerly drinking in every word of the young man's arguments.

"Sinclair put the case very strongly for our friend Pythagoras," he remarked to her as they drove home; "has he quite converted you?"

"Don't laugh," she entreated, "but I was thinking all the time of that strange, gray cat. If I believed in it, you know—I mean the doctrine of transmigration—I should think that cat was great-aunt Sarah, who wanted to bring us together again!"

Captain Fanshawe must have been still very much in love, for he received this remarkable statement with perfect gravity.

**WELL DRESSED.** I once heard a mother who had been criticised for her personal vanity by a somewhat gossipy neighbor, say that she made it a duty and a pleasure to keep well-dressed, for she was likely, at any hour, to be called upon to entertain friends whose good opinion was of such consequence that she could not afford to run the risk of having them find her in any but neat and presentable

attire. The friends were her husband and children, and she was fully compensated for her care in this direction by their approval and appreciation. To be "well dressed" was not, to her mind, an admission of extravagance. Good taste and good planning often stand in place of money, and the lady in question was able to dress well on half the cost of her neighbor's wardrobe.

## MOTHERS.

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### MAKING CLOTHES FOR THE BOYS.

WITH AN EYE TO SERVICE, ECONOMY, AND COMFORT.

TO the average mother who is not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, the question of providing clothes for the small boys is often a serious one. How can we clothe them on a small sum so they shall be neat, warm, and comfortable? The single items of shoes and stockings which *must* be purchased are no small ones, but when we add to that the expense of ready-made suits, the picture is truly an appalling one. Many economical mothers think it does not pay to make the boys' clothes at home, when they can be purchased so cheaply. But if cheap in price they are also cheap in quality. The manufacturer, the wholesale seller, and the retailer must have their profit, and the labor must also be paid for. So when we come to the actual cost of the materials they are trifling compared with the cost of the finished suit.

Any mother who has a sewing-machine and time to sew can make the little suits better and cheaper at home with the aid of the paper patterns. Indeed, it seems strange that so many will purchase the cheap, ready-made suits for their boys, when for the same amount they can procure good, honest material, serviceable trimmings, and have plenty of pieces left with which to repair the little clothes when close contact with trees, fences, rough boards, and other evils incidental to the small boys' existence, shall have done their sure work.

Those favored mortals who can take their sons to a large clothing establishment and have them fitted to the best and highest priced garments will not be interested in reading this article. But there is a vast army of mothers over all the land who would be glad to make their boys' clothes if they knew how.

If we wish to make a suit for a boy of seven, which will be both stylish and

serviceable for summer, we will purchase three yards of fine blue twilled flannel.

In purchasing a jacket pattern it is well to buy a plain one, then plaits can be put on to suit the fancy. For instance, if you wish to make a Norfolk jacket, cut the cloth the desired length, lay the plaits and stitch them firmly in place, and baste them perfectly flat. Then lay the pattern on the cloth and cut out the garment. With a little Yankee ingenuity one pattern will answer for almost any kind of a jacket.

The little knee-pants are readily cut by paying attention to the directions on the patterns. Great care should be taken to have them cut correctly and the notches meet exactly. The best reel silk, not too fine, should always be used for the sewing and the stitch on the sewing-machine be short and even. The old adage, "that which is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," is very applicable here. It surely does not pay to make slopwork of the boys' clothing.

Line the jacket with sateen the shade of the cloth; line the short pants with thin unbleached cloth, they wear better, fit better, are warmer for winter and cooler for summer if lined. For the inside band through which the buttonholes are made buy one-quarter of a yard of water-proof facing, double it and turn the folded edge down one-eighth of an inch and stitch. This makes a stay on the edge above the buttonholes which will be proof against the strain of ball or "shinny." For a suit of navy-blue flannel, use small smoked pearl buttons, and be sure that the sewing-silk is black, when they are washed the wisdom of this will be obvious. The navy-blue flannel dyed in the wool will not fade, but if stitched with blue silk after one or two washings the effect would be striking.

For summer wear the boys must have plenty of cambric shirt-waists. Nothing looks neater than the freshly ironed cambric sole with the little, well-fitting knee pants. Nearly every mother in the land can keep

her boy clothed neatly, if she possesses any skill whatever with her needle and scissors, and at a small expense. It may not be possible for her to clothe him always in garments new and fashionably made, but at least he can be kept whole, neat, and reasonably clean. These shirt-waists can be purchased cheaply but can be made at home much cheaper. Two yards of yard-wide cambric or two yards and a half, thirty inches wide, will make a waist tucked or plaited as the fancy desires, with sufficient left to make the collar and cuffs three-fold. Buy a plain pattern, lay the plaits in the cloth before cutting, and stitch them. Then lay the pattern on and cut. For the waistband to which the buttons are sewed, double the cloth twice. For the buttons for the waistband the brass pant-buttons are very suitable, as they are flat and will easily pass through the wringer without being wrenched off, and have the advantage of having four large eyes through which a large button cord will pass. A boy to be kept looking neatly will need from eight to ten for summer wear, and they can be made fancy or plain as desired. They can also be made in precisely the same way of flannel, and if lined are warm enough for winter.

In making the boys' clothing at home, do not forget the overcoats. Purchase good all-wool goods both for outside and lining. Give shoddy the cold shoulder, for the best is certainly the cheapest. Do the work in a thorough manner, give the garment a tailor finish and you will feel amply repaid for your trouble. After one year's wear compare it with the overcoat of your neighbor's boy, purchased ready-made at the clothier's for double the money.

Now we reach a very important part of this article, viz., making new clothes out of old ones. The matter of making new jackets from old coats we will pass over very lightly. We think in our family, that it is better to make both the cast-off coats and trousers into the little knee pants than to bother with the jackets.

But the little pants are so easily made from the discarded larger ones that it is almost a pleasure to go about them. No forlorn tramp ever goes away smiling from our door hugging the cast-off clothing of our lord and master to his shabby coat.

Every garment should be saved, carefully ripped, washed, and pressed. Then the patterns laid on, being careful to avoid the worn places, and, lo! in a few hours the heart of the small boy rejoices in a pair of pants, which are equally as good as if cut from new cloth.

How much money might be saved if mothers in general understood the art of making clothes for the boys at home. It certainly requires no more patience or brains than crazy patchwork, and is far more useful. Many of our hard-worked and perplexed mothers have not the time required, but wouldn't it be better to practice economy in that respect, and use the money thus saved to hire some stout Mrs. Flarety for the washing and scrubbing? The head can be made to save the heels many times, and no doubt, in many homes in our land money is spent in cheap ready-made clothes for boys, which could be saved toward hiring a stout Bridget for the work, which the over-taxed mother is obliged to do. It seems quite as necessary that the mother of a family of boys should understand utilizing the cast-off clothing for her sons as that she should understand bread-making. Every little economy which will prevent the drain on the family pocket-book should be faithfully practiced in the household, and the mother in affluent circumstances who has no need of economy in such matters should see to it that no cast-off men's clothing shall become food for the moths in her house. But rather she will cast her mind around to see on whom she can bestow them, where they will be sure to be utilized, and the small boys of some hard-working, deserving mother will have their hearts gladdened and their bodies made warm and neat at slight expense and trouble. In this manner she will help to inculcate the new lessons of charity which we are just learning, viz., to help those who are willing to help themselves, and teach the indigent that a shilling saved is better than a shilling earned.

#### ONLY A BOY.

"YOU can be sick just as well as not, mamma. I'll be your nurse and take care of you. I've brought up some crackers and a glass of milk on a tray,



and I didn't spill a *drop*. Don't you think I'm smart, mamma?"

And the little fellow looked straight into my eyes and waited for the praise which was sure to come.

All day I had suffered with a blind headache and felt like eating nothing, but when my little boy came softly into my room and said, "Mamma, may I bring up your lunch?" I knew very well that if I said "No," he would be disappointed, and I said, "Yes, dear, if you can. Ask Katharine to give it to you."

And when the proud little fellow stood by my bedside, tray in hand, and I looked into the clear blue eyes, filled with tender love for his mother, my headache almost vanished.

He felt that he had done a real service for me and he knew that I appreciated his thoughtfulness.

My boy is no wonder. He is six years old and very wild and troublesome at times.

He very, very often deserves and receives punishment, but we forgive and forget, and in the tender, loving moods, which comes to all boys, I creep into his heart with good counsel and pleasant talk.

And I am sure the mother-love will linger, pleasant memories in years to come, when the punishments will be forgotten.

Too often, a mother full of care speaks sharp, quick words. Who can blame her? Her trials are many. Her daily work too much for one pair of hands.

But, mothers, if you try to control yourselves, you can for the sake of the boys.

"Can I do anything for you, mother?"

said Herbert, a boy of ten, to a poor tired woman one day.

"No! Go out of the room! Don't make a noise! What can a *boy* do?"

And Herbert left the room with an aching heart, as you know, feeling as though, somehow, it was a *disgrace* to be a boy.

Children are quick to recognize injustice. An oft-repeated unkind speech, constant indifference to childish offers of help, and bitterness is aroused in the young heart; no more offers of help are made, the boys seek happiness away from a scolding tongue, and the mischief is done.

An old man, speaking of his childhood, said to me: "I hate to speak of it, I hate to confess it, but I remember very little tenderness or love shown to me by my mother. She loved me, I do not doubt. I was more carefully dressed than any of my playmates, but when I asked help from her she would say: 'Oh! go to your father, he knows more about boys than I do; don't bother me.' And I always felt in my mother's way and out of place, because I was always called a *boy*. 'Oh! he's only a *boy*.'"

I am convinced that in many things boys are more sensitive than girls.

Mothers, be kind and watchful of your boys. Don't *snub* your boys. *Love* them, love them always, and don't be ashamed to show your mother-love, from childhood to manhood, from manhood to old age.

A man's surest anchors in this world of temptation are his mother-love and his God.

RUTH BEECHER.

**R**IGHT-DOING. That which is done solely from the hope of gain or advantage cannot be of the highest type. The young man, for example, who, tempted to a dishonorable deed, is led to refrain only from the thought that it will ultimately injure his reputation and prospects is to be congratulated for his intelligence; but we cannot hold him in the high esteem that we do his fellow-worker who, knowing the action to be wrong, dismissed the

thought of it at once without pausing to inquire whether it would be to his interest or to his disadvantage. It does not avail to say that they amount to the same thing in the end, the interest of the individual being always bound up in his good conduct. This is certainly true; but the right-doing itself is in its turn bound up in its motives, and cannot exist in its purity where self-interest is the only thing pursued.

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

### "LITTLE MOTHERS."

IT was a lovely spring morning. Nature seemed to be smiling her sweetest as the gentle breeze wafted showers of white blossoms down upon the lap of good old Mother Earth. The broad, green lawn with its stately oak and apple trees, the flower-beds, and the roomy, though somewhat old-fashioned house, formed a picture pleasing to look upon. It had been part of a farm before the thriving city had sprung up around it, and the grounds were therefore much more spacious than are usually seen in cities. Beneath a stately oak were seated four young girls, their faces plainly showing that serious thoughts occupied their minds. The silence was finally broken by May Hildred, a delicate-looking girl of sixteen.

"Yes, girls, we *must* devote a part of our time during vacation to doing good to others who are less fortunate than ourselves. Our several lots have been cast in very pleasant places," glancing around the pretty lawn, "but there are so many whose places are very gloomy and cheerless. There will be a plenty for us to do, and I am sure we can do *some* good, if it isn't very much. What do you all say to it?"

"That is just like May, always thinking about others and trying to help them," said Maud Elliot, a good-natured, fleshy girl. "I for one am ready to do all I can, if some one will only tell me what to do and where to begin."

"Essie and Beckie will help, I am sure. Will you not?" asked May.

"Yes," said Essie Lawrence, a slender brunette. "Like Maud, I am willing, only I don't know what I can find to do."

"I know May has some plan already laid inside that curly pate of hers, so let's have it at once," chimed in Beckie Silverman.

"The fact is, girls, I have lain awake considerably lately, and have formed a plan. Let us organize a sort of club and make resolutions (and carry them out),

and meet once a week and report all good works. There are so many poor, discouraged, and suffering people, and perhaps we can be the means of bringing a little sunshine to a few of them. I don't know what to suggest doing first, but think it would be a good plan to keep our eyes open and do whatever comes to hand first. I am sure we will find plenty of opportunities if we are on the watch for them."

"You are right, May," said Beckie, "and if you will get the paper and pencil we will begin by organizing at once."

May arose, followed by the others, and led the way to her own cozy little sitting-room, where, after a half hour's time, the following resolutions were written out and signed:

*Resolved*, That the undersigned will organize a club and give it the name of "Little Mothers." Our object is to help the unfortunate, the sorrowing, and the suffering. We are never to allow an opportunity to pass where we can cheer or comfort those in need. We are to try to bring sunshine into the lives of those who are in the darkness of sorrow or want. We will meet Saturdays and report all good deeds. The organization and doings of this club are to only be made known to its members. May the kind Father direct and aid us.

MAY HILDRED.

ESSIE LAWRENCE.

BECKIE SILVERMAN.

MAUD ELLIOT.

Could you have seen the bright faces as they parted you would have said they cannot help but do good and carry sunshine, for they are so cheerful and bright. When Saturday came it found May sitting in her room surrounded by nondescript articles of half-worn clothing, patterns, and sewing implements. A sewing-machine stood near a window, open and ready for work. She was busily engaged in cutting out some small undergarments from some partly-worn larger garments.

She looked like some little housekeeper, busy at her weekly mending.

"What upon earth are you doing, May," exclaimed Maud, as she entered.

"I am cutting out clothing for my family, and I not only expect you girls to help make them, but also to contribute to the stock in hand. Here comes Essie and Beckie, and I will explain what I mean when I report. Did you girls all find something to do?"

"Yes, indeed," they replied, in chorus.

"Essie, you are the oldest, so you had better be the first to report."

"Well," said Essie, "I was wondering what I could find to do, when ma asked me to go to the washerwoman's upon an errand, and when I got there I heard some one trying to play upon an organ. It proved to be Mrs. Parson's twelve-year-old girl. She was very anxious to take music lessons, but could not afford it. I sat down then and there and gave her a lesson, and am going to give her two a week during vacation, and one a week after school begins. I tell you, it pays to be a 'Little Mother.'"

"Good," exclaimed May. "Now, Maud, what have you done?"

"I am afraid I haven't very much to report," said Maud. "First, I have taken it upon myself to give Mrs. O'Brian's baby an hour's airing each day. It is such a sickly little thing, and its mother has so much to do, that she never finds a moment to take it out herself. I wish you could have seen the little fellow when I took him home and filled his hands with flowers. He cooed and actually laughed, and do you believe it, I enjoy it very much myself. I gave some flowers to a poor girl, and that is all I have done."

"Maud, you are a real, genuine, 'Little Mother,' and I hope Beckie has done as well as you two."

"I will tell you what I have done, but it seems as if I hadn't done half that I should. I sent some flowers to the Children's Hospital, and then I took some strawberries and flowers to a cripple girl who lives over at the Flats. It was an awful place to get to, but I am glad I went. O girls! I want you all to go and see her. She tried several years ago to save her little brother from being trampled by a horse. The baby was killed, and she is injured for life. She

cannot stand or walk at all. She makes paper flowers for sale. They are so very poor and have no comforts, yet Agnes is so cheerful and patient. She asked me if I could sing, and I was never so thankful in my life for my voice as I was then. I am going again and want you to go with me."

"Beckie," said May, "your record is best of all. But, tell us how you come to find her?"

"Mr. James, a reporter, a friend of father's, was telling us of her, and I inquired all about her, and how to reach her."

"Well, girls, I haven't much to say for myself, for I want all of your help. I sent some picture-cards and flowers to the Children's Hospital, and carried some flowers there myself. I have also found several quite poor families, and one of them accounts for these old clothes and scraps being in my room. A poor widow has twin girls about the size of Aunt Addie's Ethel. I have borrowed Ethel's patterns, and hunted up all the old garments and scraps of muslin, calico, and gingham. I want you girls to gather up all you can, too. We will cut and make two entire sets of clothes, and can fit them upon Ethel. What do you think about it?"

"It is just splendid," said Essie. "I can find lots of clothes and scraps at home."

"And," continued May, "when we get these little girls fitted out, we need not stop, but can keep on making clothes, and will be sure to find some child to wear them."

After the secretary had written out the report, they fell to work with a will, cutting out and sewing upon little garments. From partly-worn gauze and merino underwear were cut six little shirts, and six pairs of drawers were cut from scraps of muslin. It required much planning and considerable piecing to get them all out, but as the seams were all felled down it did not matter. Scraps of embroidery, lace, and rickrac, furnished trimmings. At five o'clock May said they had better stop, as the garments were all ready for buttonholes and buttons.

"I have got to go to Miss Ray's and see if my new dress is done. It is going to be so pretty, and I want it for church

to-morrow. Then I must clear away this litter, and we are getting tired anyhow."

After a treat of candy and fruit, the "Little Mothers" went home, feeling very well satisfied with their afternoon's work.

May quickly put her room to rights and folded away the little garments, placing them in a drawer by themselves. She then quickly dressed herself, and was soon on her way to the dressmaker's. Arriving there, she found a young sewing-girl just starting to carry the dress home, so she returned with the girl. By asking a few questions, May found that the girl was a stranger in the city, but attended church where the Hildreds did. When they reached the house, May made her come in, and insisted upon her coming and sitting in their pew the next day, and coming home with her after church to dinner. At parting she gave the girl some pretty flowers. The next morning when May came into the parlor ready for church, her father gave a whistle and exclaimed:

"Why, May! where is that pretty lace dress you were so anxious to wear to-day? I never knew you to wear a plain lawn dress to church before, and bless, me! your last summer's hat, too? Come and tell me why you did it?"

"Well, papa, I asked a poor sewing-girl to sit in our pew to-day, and to come home with us to dinner. I want her to have a happy day and not to feel ashamed of her own poor clothes. I will have plenty of chances to wear the pretty dress, never fear. You are not ashamed of me in this dress are you, papa?"

"My child, I am proud of you. You are so like your mother was, child. Had she lived, you would both have made many lives happier for your kindness."

"Papa, don't you suppose mamma can see me, and don't you think she influences me to do good? I am sure she does."

"Little May, perhaps you are right. But come or we will be late."

Mary Ward saw May's plain clothes and the tears came into her eyes as she guessed the reason. The day to her was one of unalloyed pleasure, and the beginning of a close friendship.

Tuesday the girls came to sew again, and all brought bundles of clothes. How their needles and tongues flew. They cut out and finished four little waist and

muslin shirts, besides the buttons and holes left over from Saturday.

"How nice they look," said Maud, as the last garment was laid in the drawer. "If ever we get married, and have children, we will know how to dress them out of nothing and make them look nice, too."

"By the bye," said Essie, "I want each of you girls to give me a few tubes of paint and a brush. Our servant girl, Annie, has a sister who has spinal disease, and yesterday I went to see her, and she was trying to paint flowers with a set of five-cent water colors. As we all paint, we can each spare some paint, and I will take them to her and show her how to use them."

They all assented, and May at once got out her color-box and selected several tubes of paint, two brushes, and a knife.

"I have about a dozen little wooden plates left from that lawn party, and I will give each a coat of plain paint and draw some simple design upon them," said Beckie.

"And I will send her some simple, colored studies and some panel cards to paint upon," said Maud.

"Thanks, girls," said Essie, "we will have a nice outfit for her. I will come for the things Friday morning, as I promised to call to see her in the afternoon."

"I will go once a week and teach her to paint," said Maud.

"That is just the thing," said Essie.

During all the next year the "Little Mothers" spent as much time as possible in their good work, and many were the prayers of thanks that followed them. Little May, dearly loving children, became a constant visitor to the children's hospital. She carried them fruit and flowers; she collected bright pictures and made scrap-books for them. It was she who held them during terrible spasms of pain, and the same hands placed the white flowers in the little waxen fingers of those whom the Father called from their sufferings. To her young heart had come a wonderful wealth of motherly love for these poor homeless little ones. Is it any wonder that they all loved the gentle girl, or that the young doctor, Sidney Dent, who had so often watched her soothing the little ones, should liken her in his mind to an angel of mercy?



"Tis June once more, and the roses make the garden a bower of loveliness. The girls are once more assembled in May's room, but how changed. Their faces are white, and wet with tears. May's father and Dr. Dent are there, too. Upon the pretty bed in the corner little May lies dying. While out riding she was thrown from the carriage upon a sharp curbstone and was brought home dying. When she came to, she asked to have the girls sent for, and they are here, waiting for her to speak. At length the white eyelids slowly unclose, and a wan smile flits across her face as she sees the girls.

"'Little Mothers,' my work is done. I am going to see mother and the little ones I loved so. Don't cry, girls, but keep up the good work as long as you live. Sidney

will help you. Perhaps," here the voice faltered, "perhaps I can see and direct you." The voice grew feebler as she continued, "Good-bye! kiss me, each of you." They each in turn bend to press the cold lips, then stand by silently weeping. The setting sun flashed a gleam of brightness across the white face. Again the eyes opened, "Father—Sidney," and, holding a hand of each, the bright young life went out. Slowly the girls left the room, leaving the father and lover alone with their dead. The girls are still doing good from day to day, and often they meet at May's grave and talk over their plans for doing good, and a sense of peace steals over them, and that the spirit of her they loved is hovering over them.

"MONTANA MAY."

## HONOR THRUST UPON HIM.

One of the war veterans who were guests of the Twelfth Regiment in New York told this story: "When reaching the army of the Potomac as a recruit for one of the New York regiments, twenty-five years ago, just before the Chancellorsville campaign, I soon heard of a man in my company whose notoriety for cowardice had made him the subject of many jests during his short service in the camp. Plenty of men are bitten by fear upon going into action; but this fellow had the rare reputation of being an incurable poltroon; and the mere crack of a rifle had often thrown him into fits so violent that two of his comrades had to leave the ranks to keep him in order. He was with the regiment at Chancellorsville, on the right, when we began to exchange shots with the enemy in that quarter; and he trembled so violently that he could not handle his rifle. A small rebel cannon that had been pulled on to a knoll some distance off, and that was playing an independent game apart from the Confederate force, threw a ball that struck the ground just in front of him, and scared him out of his wits. He became blind with fright, broke from the ranks, took to his heels, and not knowing whither to fly, ran directly toward the hostile gun, which was manned by two old Virginia militiamen in gray,

who had undertaken to render their State some service. The two Virginians behind the ridge suddenly saw the infuriated Yank rushing upon them, and, believing him to be followed by his regiment, took to flight, leaving their cannon behind them. The poltroon stood aghast for a moment alongside the piece of artillery that he had captured, and almost simultaneously our regiment, by a rapid advance and a few shots, drove back the company of rebels that had been lurking in front, and we held the ground for the time being. But the wonderful deed of our comrade who seized the enemy's gun had been witnessed by the mounted general of our brigade, who happened to be a relative of his, and within forty-eight hours the fellow who had been the laughing-stock of the regiment was promoted for gallantry on the field."

USELESS and hurtful memories can be crowded out by filling the mind with better things. Much of such recollections are mere idle reveries that can be swept away by the fresh breeze of enthusiasm, activity, and duty. Happy memories, kindly feelings, noble ideas, generous plans, may so fill the heart and employ the mind that there will be neither room nor place for mournful and futile reminiscences.

## HOME CIRCLE.

### THE MISSION OF AN OLD DIARY.

A "FAIR TIME" STORY.

"NO, you can't, so there's an end of it! and don't ye let me hear another word about the mountain party," said Farmer Alstead, with an angry scowl. "Rob, you go'n sort out 'bout three bushels er them potatoes, good sizable ones, to plant. An', Bert, you go 'long back an'—"

"O father! do let us go this once," pleaded Rob, his oldest son, a boy of fifteen, usually quiet, faithful, and patient, but just now rendered impatient and importunate by long-restrained anxiety for a holiday, a short respite from the weary tread-mill of constant labor. "All the boys and girls are going except us," he went on, with cheeks flushing and paling in anxiety, and earnest gray eyes fixed imploringly on the fretful face of his father. "Bert an' I'll work like—like everything if you'll only let us go to-morrow, and I know mother'll be glad to let Laura and Sue go if we can—"

"I told you to go to work," said Mr. Alstead, unmoved. "I never went to frolics, or had holidays when I was a boy, and see what I am now," and he threw a quick glance of proud ownership over the fertile fields stretching away on every side.

"Yes, I see what *you* are now," Rob answered, drearily, looking straight in his father's face. "But didn't you ever *want* to have a good time when you were a boy?"

"What do you mean by teasin'? Didn't you hear what I said? It would be go, go all the time if I'd let you. Why't's only last fall 't ye's teasin' before! Ye'd a gone traipsin' off to the County Fair 'n' left me with all that corn out, an' frost comin'. I'd like ter know what'd become of us all if I didn't shut down on so much runnin' round."

Bert, who, in sullen silence, had been leaning over the bars, fiercely poking the end of a whip into the mellow earth,

straightened up and turned suddenly round with an angry flash in his dark eyes.

"Well, wasn't that more'n six months ago? 'n' where've we been since, I'd like to know? It's nothin' but work, work, 'n' I'm sick of it!" and the long whip lash cut savagely through the air. "Every other boy round here's goin', 'n' some of their folks are goin', too, but we might die for want of a little fun for all you'd care."

"Silence! If this is the way you talk to me now, I wonder what you'd come to 'f I didn't keep you at work. Not another word," he exclaimed, with a peremptory gesture, as Bert began an angry retort. "Go back and go on with that furrowing. You've wasted all the morning over this fuss, an' I'll have no more of it. Go, both of you!" and catching up a long trace of seed corn he went to shelling it as if the fate of the nation depended upon his speed, the rate at which he usually worked, and expected all connected with him to do the same.

It was a lovely spring morning. The sun shone brightly down through the tender green leaves of the maple, that cast its flickering shadows on the old granary, and on the bent form of the farmer in its doorway, who was sending the golden grains in a rattling shower into a basket, and vigilantly watching to see that no more precious time was "fooled away" by the boys. He saw Rob dejectedly disappear with the potato baskets, and Bert leap angrily over the bars into the plowed field, and vanish behind the great black horse waiting there, enjoying the short rest, for, in spite of the assertion that "all the morning had been wasted," scarcely ten minutes had passed since Bert had ventured to leave his team to join his brother at the granary door and plead for a holiday. But, sharp as his eyes were, he could not see what happened behind the shelter of good old black Dick. Great boy as he was, Bert's disappointment and

his sense of the injustice of it all was too much for him. He put both arms around Dick's glossy neck and cried as he had not cried for many a day. Like a summer storm, however, his outburst was sharp but short, and, just as Farmer Alstead was beginning to fidget at the delay, on went the team and the long straight furrow lengthened rapidly out behind.

The sun shone, the birds sang, and the cool breezes came wafted fresh and sweet down over the hillside; the work progressed rapidly, Rob and Bert, used to implicit obedience, toiled on like men, saying no more about the holiday. Too much like men—tired and joyless—their mother thought as she looked from the kitchen window across the broad fields where the planting was going rapidly on. A sigh of sympathy for her bright, fun-loving boys escaped her.

Laura straightened up from the ironing-table and gave her brown curls a defiant backward toss from her rosy, flushed face.

"O mother!" she exclaimed, "ever since I heard what father said to the boys it seems as if I couldn't bear it another day. What's the use of all this great farm if we never can step off of it a minute? We don't have half as good a time as the Whites do, and they can't hardly get enough to eat; and he's so cross and fretful too." Then with sudden compunction she added, "Yes, mother, I do love him. I know he is a good father in everything but that. We have a good home, and good clothes, and good everything but good times. But what good do they all do us if we can't have a moment for anything but work? Won't father ever let us go anywhere when we are older, mother?"

"Oh! I don't know, Laura; he seems to grow more hurried and drivin' every year," answered Mrs. Alstead, hopelessly. "But there! I mustn't be talking here. He won't wait a minute if the dinner isn't on the table, but go off to work again, like as not, without a bite."

"But wait a moment, mother, I must tell somebody! Something ails Rob, he hasn't acted like himself since father kept him from school all last winter to chop wood. Haven't you seen it? And since this morning he looks worse than ever." Laura left her ironing and went close to

her mother, who had paused with a startled look on her tired face. "I think," she said in a low tone, "that Rob won't be here much longer, I'm almost sure he means to run, go off somewhere, and if he goes Bert won't stay long without him. O mother! what can we do?" and Laura burst into tears on her mother's shoulder.

Heavy footsteps sounded at the door. Laura disappeared, while Mrs. Alstead, with an aching heart, sprang to dish up the waiting dinner. The boys entered, but it was some moments before her husband came in by another door. Her heart-ache would have been doubled had she known that he had, unintentionally, heard Laura's confidence; but it was so. A constrained silence fell on them all at the table; it lasted all through the rush and hurry of the afternoon's work in the field, while over and over again, in his mind, were repeated Laura's words, "Rob won't be here much longer." "Rob's going away," and at every repetition the strange look he saw in Rob's face when he said, "Yes, I see what you are now," came back to haunt him.

Up in the store-room that night Mr. Alstead was searching for a box of garden seeds to use on the morrow. In his haste and impatience he loosened and overturned a high, deep shelf in a dark corner, and down came its burden clattering to the floor. A little, old-fashioned wooden trunk burst open in the fall, and out rolled its contents at his feet. Stooping to gather up the litter he gave a sudden start—what could all those things be? How strange yet familiar that old book looked! and the knife, and that flag, and the letters, and the tools. Why, yes, it must be his own little trunk of boyish treasures, that used to be so precious to him, long since forgotten. He sat down on a big box and, like one in a dream, gave himself up to their examination. The years slipped away and for a moment he was a boy again. He smiled over some of the pictures called to mind by the poor little trifles and laughed over others, but the last thing that came to his hand—an old, soiled diary containing scattered entries in big, boyish writing—gave him a start of surprise. He turned leaf after leaf, read and reread some passages, then

turned back to the fly-leaf in bewilderment. Yes, it had been his own, for here, plainly written, was, "Joseph Alstead, 1854," when he was fourteen years old, not as old as his Rob was now. With a burning flush on his bronzed cheeks he drew closer to the lamp and read it through from beginning to end. Perspiration started to his forehead and was wiped away with the big red handkerchief, but when, with a long, quivering breath, the diary was softly closed, the handkerchief was furtively used for another purpose and tucked hastily into a pocket, as if its owner were ashamed of his weakness though no one could witness it.

These are some of the passages he read:

"Uncle Charles is so hard on me!"  
 "Oh! if I could have a good time once in awhile, I know I could be better, and Uncle would like me, but it is nothing but work and slave, and it makes me ugly."  
 "Dig, dig, dig all the time. If I can't go to Muster with the other boys I'll run away. I won't stand it a month longer."  
 "Oh! if my father had lived he would have loved me and made me happy; but Uncle hates me, I do believe."  
 "If I ever have any boys they shall have a good time. I hope I sha'n't die and leave them."  
 Over and over the unhappy plaint repeated itself in his mind, "*Oh! if my father had lived he would have loved me and made me happy,*" and here were his own boys living the same toilsome life that he had hated and ran away from, but afterward found that driving, cross Uncle Charles had been gathering his hundreds to leave for his "dearly beloved nephew Joseph Alstead"—so the will read. He had married pretty Molly Paige and come back to the old home; and, oh! how happy they had been for awhile. But—well, it must have been ambition. The hundreds had increased to thousands, but what—for the first time in all these years he asked himself the question, looking at the past in the light shed upon it by the memories evoked by that little, old diary—what had it all amounted to?

That night was a sleepless one to him. In the morning he electrified his wife by asking:

"Could you and Laura cook anything in season for them to carry for their dinner? to the mountain party, I mean. I

can get Jabe Smith to help me to day if you can spare the girls; tell them so if you want to; and tell them they may take Dick and the double wagon, but they mustn't get wild," and before happy Molly Alstead could say a word he was off to his work.

What a happy, happy morning that was. How the smiling mother and the merry girls did flit about from stove to pantry, and from closet to mirror. Laura, in her joy and her pretty blue suit, was a picture worth seeing, and little Sue's saucy nose and roguish eyes were set off becomingly by the broad sailor hat with its fluttering red ribbons. The boys, hardly daring to believe it was not all a mistake, rushed about, slyly whispering each other to "hurry and get away before father came to his senses," and stopped them. But no such calamity befel them. They went and had a "splendid" time—forty or more, old and young, under the guidance of Professor Jack Maine, who had been half over the world, and knew just how to entertain them with true stories of mountain adventures in the resting time on the summit, between the dinner and the games. I would like to tell you all about it, but if I tell you of the happy summer that followed we must pass that by.

At their *tête-à-tête* dinner that day Mr. and Mrs. Alstead talked long and earnestly together. His changed mood seemed like a miracle to her until he handed her the little diary. Together they read it over, and with quick intuition, knowing her husband's really kind heart, she understood the change the little wonder-worker had wrought. The boyish longings written out there were all talked over, and the time passed so swiftly that they were startled by the appearance of Jabe at the door with "What on airth's the matter? be ye crazy? Ye'd never set there eatin' till three o'clock if ye wa'n't 'th all them taters t' cover up."

For a week Mr. Alstead kept watch of the boys to see if they would work as industriously as before but could find no fault with their brisk and willing service.

"Boys," he said one day, when the planting was nearly done, "here's this small patch of land I've no use for; how would you like to farm a little on your own account? Yes, have it for your own; raise



whatever you choose to, and have it to sell," he said, smiling in their incredulous faces. "You may each have half of the piece, it is all ready to plant or sow, but you must keep it in order—no weedy fields on my farm, you know."

"But, father," said Bert, hesitatingly, "we shouldn't have any time to do the work, should we? That's quite a big piece. Oh! but wouldn't we like to do it though, Rob?"

Rob nodded emphatically, but waited to hear more.

"Yes, you shall have time if you are good boys. Jabe is going to help me all summer"—Rob and Bert looked at each other in surprise—"so every Saturday, if you haven't had time during the week, you shall attend to your own farming, and if you keep it looking first rate you may have the rest of the day to do anything you want to in."

"O father! how good you are," said conscience-smitten Rob. "We can't help being good with such a chance as that, but I don't deserve it, father," and he turned half away with a flush of shame on his face. "I've—I've been planning to run—to run—"

"Yes, yes, I know, Rob," said Mr. Alstead, softly, dropping a kind hand on Rob's shoulder. "But I tried that myself once; it's a poor plan, a miserable plan. I don't want a boy of mine to go through what I did wandering about alone. I'll be as honest with you as you have been with me, my boy. My memory has been refreshed lately. I had forgotten I ever was a boy, but I remember it now. I hope we shall all be happier for it."

The pathos of the scene was more than impetuous Bert could endure calmly. Do something he must. So he turned a somersault and came up before them with a shout: "Rah for Saturday! don't look so solemn, Rob. Rah for father!" and over he went again. "Say, father, if we happen to raise anything big or wonderful on our land d' ye s'pose we can go t' the fair next fall and get a prize for it?"

Mr. Alstead had not planned as far ahead as that, but, after a moment's thought, he answered kindly, "That's a good idea, Bert," then laughing, "I can't promise you about the prize; but you

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may try for it, both of you, and go to the fair, if all goes right with us whether you have anything wonderful to carry or not. How'll that do? We must give the girls a chance to try, too. Perhaps mother'll think of some plan for them."

And you may be sure mother did. But she did not agree to Laura's plan for a flower and vegetable garden for herself, somewhat to Laura's surprise. But in a day or two the explanation came. "O Laura! dear, you'll be delighted, I know. Father and I have persuaded Jabe's wife to help me three days in the week, and you are going to go to school with Susie. I know it's late, but not too late for you to make up for lost time, is it? So you see you'll have your hands full. But father says the cherry and plum trees we have always *called* yours shall be yours in *reality*, and Sue's shall be hers. You shall do what you please with the fruit, and have all they can earn you for spending money. Perhaps *you'll* have *plums* to carry to the fair."

"O mother! mother dear!" she exclaimed, giving her mother an energetic hug. "I always knew you'd let us have a good time if you could. If I can go to school, and to the fair, too, I don't care whether I get any prizes or not. Come on, Sue! let's go an' see how the trees look!" and pulling Sue from her nest in mother's lap, they were off flitting like birds from one tree to another.

But little Sue came back with a serious face. Only one of her trees gave promise of a harvest.

"Never mind, Susie, dear, you shall have part of the very first money mine bring," Laura had said, but that did not cheer her. She sought her mother and whispered something in her ear.

"Why, yes, you dear little thing; of course you may have Lady Wyandotte; I had not thought of that," was her answer.

"Oh! *won't* that be nice! I'd rather have her for my very own than all the trees in the garden. Will Lady's babies be mine too, mother? every one of the twelve?"

"Certainly, if you will take care of them," said her mother, with a smile.

That was a short, happy summer to the whole family, notwithstanding the amount of hard work that had to be done, for

mutual love and kind feeling, and a vivid personal interest in the results of the labor, are as great wonderworkers on a farm as anywhere else. The boys' animated discussions and vigorous labors produced a marvelous growth of corn and vegetables on their closely tended field. Lady Wyandotte soon appointed her mistress nurse-maid for her brood and went diligently to work laying eggs for sale. The little brood grew plump and handsome but utterly refused to wear the red neckties Sue cut from her supply of hair-ribbon (bought with money from the sale of her early cherries) that she persistently tried to decorate them with.

Laura's first purchase was a set of colored pencils for her map-drawing, in which she excelled; and her next a downy, white fan, and some soft blue ribbons to wear with her plain blue lawn at the closing exercises of the district school. And when she came home arrayed in them and blushing and smiling laid the prize offered for "Superior excellence in studies and deportment"—a little volume of Longfellow—before her father and mother they were more proud and pleased than was its winner. But when a note from the teacher dropped out, containing warm commendation of Laura's industry and a recommendation that she be given a chance to continue her studies through the fall at the academy, under the instruction of Professor Jack Maine, Farmer Alstead gave a whistle of surprise and walked out of the house. But the little note did its work in time—three times over, too—for at last he told Laura and Rob and Bert, too, that they might go, riding back and forth with old Dick, the mile and a half to town, if they would improve their time in school and out.

Happier young people you never saw. It was in August the school began; when "Fair time" came, two days were given the pupils, so many of them wished to attend. Mr. Alstead and the boys drove over to the adjoining town where the fair was held and put on exhibition in the big hall a pair of mammoth pumpkins, on one stem, decorated with an encircling wreath of braided corn so large, firm, and golden that it attracted attention from all the farmers there. "R. H. Alstead," the corn was labeled, while the pumpkins were ticketed, "B. M. Alstead." Amid

the floral display they placed a perfect little tree loaded with snowy pink-tipped buds and blossoms—a large chrysanthemum, that Laura had watched over all summer; and in the poultry department they placed a neat coop, bearing a card on which was written, "Lady Wyandotte and Family—Entered by S. J. Alstead."

The next day old Dick and young Dick trotted gayly off to the fair with the whole family stowed in the long wagon behind them to spend a happy day with friends and schoolmates. Quiet Rob was the only one who won a first-prize. His corn was the very best displayed. Bert gained the second on pumpkins for his golden twins. Laura had no prize, so many beautiful flowers were exhibited, but a city lady, coveting the lovely plant for her bay-window, paid her a generous price for it, sufficient for the supply of all her girlish wants for some time. Susie, not to be outdone by the rest, reluctantly consented to sell three of her chickens to an eager purchaser, and rode home with a little red portemonnaie clasped tightly in one hand; it was brand new, and the silver it contained clinked with every motion, but for all that it was a grieved little face that, hidden by the broad hat, rested on mother's shoulder during the long drive.

The happy life led that season was found too pleasant to be given up. When the next New Year's Eve came a pretty diary was presented to each of the children, and sitting about their happy hearth, the story of the old diary was told them. Again Bert came to the rescue to prevent moist eyes from becoming weeping ones.

"Now, father," he exclaimed, "let's get something *awful pretty* to keep your diary in, and put it on the big Bible in the parlor—it's good enough! I'm goin' to keep my diary as long as I live, so I'll know enough to be as good to my boys as you are to us."

Three years have passed since then, during which they have been busily and contentedly at work. Farmer Alstead's voice and glance are as proud now when he talks of "my children" as they once were when speaking of "my farm." Rob is a manly, well-educated young fellow, an enthusiastic Granger, and intends to remain with his father on the farm. Bert, inspired by Professor Maine, hopes

to become a civil engineer, while Laura's ambition is to be a teacher. Their instructors are sure that they may both succeed. Little Sue, now nearly eleven, has a large flock of Lady Wyndotte's descendants, presided over by that dignified Lady herself—for nothing can induce Sue to give her up. I suppose I must have a career like the rest, she says, reflectively.

"I guess I'll take my egg-money and go into business—build a big home for my chickens—and call it 'The Wyandottery.' I'd have lot's more fun than the rest—and just as much money—I guess."

FRANCES H. PERRY.

#### WHAT WILL YOU DO?

**T**HERE is one subject which I wish all young wives who are also mothers would ponder. I know it is a subject from all thoughts of which they instinctively shrink, but perhaps it would save them from trouble and heartache in the future if they could overcome their reluctance and think of it calmly now while calm thought is possible.

Think of what you would do if you were widowed. It may be your happy lot to go hand in hand through a long life-journey, but many women are early left with little children to care for and you may be. In such a case, if your parents are living, it would be only natural if they in their sympathy should ask you to come back to your childhood's home. But if you have any means whatever of feeding and clothing your little ones and keeping a roof over your heads I say *don't*. I know that when the strong arm on which you have leaned is removed you feel utterly helpless. I know that your desolate heart cries out, "I cannot live alone." I know all the loneliness and desolation of such an hour, know it by experience. And out of my own experience I am advising you.

If you could go back unchanged you would soon realize that the family life had adjusted itself to your absence. But you are not unchanged and you do not return alone; you have your children, and they must have your first thought. You cannot be quite the same daughter you were in your girlhood. I do not mean that you love your parents less, but the moth-

er-love is stronger than any filial love can be.

If your parents have no children at home they have grown accustomed to the quiet and will be annoyed by the children's noise. I pity from my heart the child who cannot be allowed to play and laugh freely but must be continually repressed because "grandmamma does not like the noise."

Not that I would not have them learn to be still when necessary. I once spent a day where the children talked and played unrestrainedly and the resulting din was so great that our conversation was fragmentary and most unsatisfactory. Courtesy to the guest would have kept them quiet enough to hear what she was trying to say. But in their every-day home-life they ought to be allowed the privilege of playing without restraint if they are at all reasonable in the amount of noise they make.

If you have unmarried brothers and sisters nothing short of absolute perfection in your children will satisfy them and the children, because they partake of our fallen humanity, are not perfect.

So for your own sake and for your children's, for that of your parents as well, stay in your own home if your husband is taken and you are left.

For your own sake, because, though you will be unutterably lonely, you will not be less lonely in your father's house, and in all probability you will also be homesick. The days which follow the making of a grave wherein our best and dearest friend is buried can never be aught but desolate beyond the power of words to express. But our Heavenly Father has wisely ordered that we shall not always miss our loved ones as we do when they first leave us. If we did, how could we bear our lives? Then when time does its merciful work and you take up the routine of life, not with the old enjoyment, but with a measure of interest, you will be happier in your own home with only your little ones about you.

For your children's sake, because they will be happier all the time and you can have them under your exclusive control. While children should obey promptly and cheerfully, it is not well that they should have too many masters. I have seen a mother's influence over her chil-

dren weakened because they were expected to obey all the members of a large family. It sometimes happened that her wishes did not coincide with those of some one else and for the sake of peace she yielded. The children came to understand that mother's commands were to be obeyed if none of the family gave orders to the contrary.

For your parents' sake, because, having brought up their own children, they are entitled to quiet in their declining years. The dear little ones are trying sometimes even to a mother's patience. Do not let

them try that of any one else if you can help it. Perhaps you may save them from the pang "sharper than a serpent's tooth," for from their standpoint you will seem ungrateful if you are not contented beneath their roof.

So far as my observation extends I have never known a widowed mother who was so content. Beyond the statement that if the decision were to make again it should be different, loyalty to the parents usually keeps them silent on the subject, but the longing for their own fireside is there none the less.

SARA CLARE.

## PUBLISHER.

THE anterior man who first fashioned a rough piece of iron into shape for domestic use probably had not the slightest notion of the artistic effects that would be brought about in our day as a result of his work, but that same antediluvian man was the progenitor of all artificers in iron and brass whose productions are so admirable, whether the work is a grille for the stoop, or a plaque for a well-furnished library. How did the result come about but from keen competition: that stimulant of trade produces what we know as specialties, and the development of specialties is a most potent cause of work that is truly artistic. The addition of beauty to the most direct *means to an end*, is immediately artistic; so that many of the specialties of our time are distinguished by effects that are distinctly works of art. As a matter of course the further away the efforts of a specialist are from what is recognized as the higher aims of life, the smaller will be the opportunity for the production of work that is truly artistic; yet a specialist in even so prosaic an enterprise as modern advertising has shown that even in that field art and use go together.

There are before us two catalogues, specimens of the most artistic work that has yet been made in this direction; they are issued from the advertising bureau of J.

Walter Thompson in New York, and whether we consider the books from the standpoint of utility or from that of appearance, they are certainly most excellent.

The bound book, "*Advertising in America*," was we believe prepared specially for distribution at the Paris Exhibition and is printed throughout in both French and English. In these books there is a page set apart for each magazine and newspaper and the cover of the magazine or the first page of the newspaper is shown in reduced fac-simile for all the leading publications represented by Mr. Thompson; which is pretty much the same thing as saying all the influential journals in the United States.

All information that can in any way interest advertisers is shown in these books in most attractive and at the same time in the most succinct form, and it is difficult to imagine anything more perfectly adapted to the purposes of advertising. There is wisdom as well as enterprise in the manner in which Mr. Thompson has chosen to present his suggestions and opinions to the large number of advertisers, for every one of them must find a permanent place for books of such eminent merit. The effect of such admirable work will surely bring results of a most satisfactory kind to both parties in inte-



rest, and while congratulating Mr. Thompson on the splendid addition he has made to such business catalogues, we also suggest to any of our friends who are interested in advertising on a large scale that

they should not only have copies of his catalogues always before them, but that they would do well to consult with him before they determine upon the lists that they will use.

## HOUSEKEEPERS.

### OUR DAUGHTERS AS HOUSEKEEPERS.

"MAMMA, how long have you kept house?"

"Twenty-one years."

"Then you surely are entitled to a resting space, and I have decided to commence with the first of May and be housekeeper in your stead."

"Indeed, you shall not, my dear. I am not an invalid, in no way incapacitated to look after our home, and you are still a school-girl, with another year of hard study before you can graduate."

"But, mamma, Sarah Brush just laughed at me the other day because I said I didn't know whether sirloin steak was fifteen cents a pound or fifty-five cents for half a pound. I was so mortified when in her grand, self-assured way, she replied, 'We never pay beyond thirty-five cents a pound for any kind of meat at our house, and as for sirloin steak, you can get the best cut from the highest-priced butcher in the city for twenty-eight cents a pound, and much less than that if when doing your marketing you look around a little.' And then, notwithstanding my great discomfiture and burning cheeks, she added, 'I lift the care of marketing from my mother, and so I know.'"

"I am sorry you had to listen to such painful words, and can readily see what has aroused you to action; but my opinion has not changed. Your business in life now is school. For the coming year the closest application must be given to study, if on commencement day you are to receive an honor. There are not many prizes. All who run will not attain, and I would not worthily wear the name of mother to allow any hindrance, which was not the direct force of necessity."

"But Sarah Brush is a school-girl, mamma, and she seems to get along all right."

"That is true, but Sarah Brush is not my daughter, therefore, in years to come, if her health and overtaxed nerves give way, I can sympathize, but I will not blame myself. I cannot interfere with other people's children, but I can look after my own."

The question of our daughters as housekeepers requires thoughtful attention, and just how far this is wise a mother can best answer.

Surely nothing is more painful than the ill preparation of many daughters as wives, through their unfortunate ignorance, subjecting themselves and others to constant irritability and vexation, making their early married life, which should be as cloudless as a June day, a complete network of trial and disappointment, beside the absolute wastefulness of money which with beginners is not apt to be very bountiful, and in any case the young should guard it with care.

The best housekeeper I ever met was educated by her mother in every department of the house and home after leaving the school-room. Then she married, and it seemed as if entering Paradise to cross her threshold. No club-room offered any inducement to entice her husband, on the contrary, he loved to introduce his bachelor friends to his own fireside, and they, seeing its cheerful contentment, were wise enough to seek a good wife for themselves. More than this, after the lapse of now forty years of housekeeping experience she can see how well equipped she was at the first, not alone in health but in frugality, which is an important adjunct to money-making, for a penny properly

saved is ever a penny earned. And through her wise selection and expenditure she not only well provided her table but kept a little, to which she daily added, making in the aggregate a large sum, to meet the rainy days which must ever come.

It seems hardly fair to our girls to give their young lives the full weight of house-keeping cares. The years bring so much burden and sorrow and heart-breaking anxiety. Mothers know this and should well consider what they do. But it is neither kind or practicable to altogether shield and a great injustice to allow marriage without proper preparation.

Divorces are on the increase, so the people say. Whether this is true or not, we do know there are scores of unhappy homes. How far mothers may be the cause their own hearts can best answer. With a little tact girls will readily learn a great deal, but every daughter has not equal desire in regard to home knowledge. Sometimes it is not only wise but the only way to offer an inducement in order to effect the desired result. A little praise goes far with some and with others an extra allowance or increased bank account would prove the greater factor.

The best teacher of economy is to allow girls to market, if you will only let them keep the change. It is astonishing what wonders may be effected through the medium of the pocket-book.

EMMA J. GRAY.

#### USEFUL HINTS.

**T**HIS is the season when the housewife examines last year's gowns which were stowed away when the summer days came, and now it has to be decided which garments will do to wear without alteration, and which must be altered and re-trimmed more or less.

A nice judgment is needful in balancing these items, for a slight regard to the prevailing mode it is all but the duty of every woman to pay. This word duty does not seem to me too strong an expression. Any garment quite *outré* and an old style will, except to the very strong-willed and possibly somewhat disagreeable woman, prove a thorn in the flesh. It is not agreeable to be conspicuous, and when decided attention to one's appear-

ance can be averted by a little alteration in the style of dress worn, a woman, and certainly a child, feels more at ease in conformity. Not that prevailing fashions ought to be followed to the extreme, or that women of thought, who decry some prevailing mode have not reason on their side and should have an unbiased hearing, for fashion is, indeed, a fickle and exacting goddess, to be followed with great moderation and good sense, but not to be utterly ignored, for the penalty of wantonly disobeying her general mandates is greater than most women have the courage to bear.

When dresses are frayed around the bottom, the skirts being fairly good in other respects, they will usually bear to be refaced and bound with fresh braid. A good skirt will usually wear out three waists before it is ready to rip up and alter, sometimes more than that. Just now, the style most in vogue is a perfectly plain underskirt, and as the overdress comes within an inch or two of the bottom of the dress, very little of the underdress shows at all. Thus a few inches deep of the dress material on a firm lining, makes a good foundation on which to arrange the draperies of the skirt. If a woman be tall, or long limbed in proportion to her height, however, or have large feet, the dress skirt should be made moderately long, and with narrow knife-blade plaiting or a small box plaiting plaited over narrower plaitings below; while short women can bear to have less goods and more plainly made styles in their skirts.

In altering dresses, oftentimes the skirt is fairly good while the waist is past mending. The Jersey bodice is an admirable substitute for a dress bodice, in such emergencies, and Jersey waists can be had in all styles, colors, and at varying prices, although sometimes it is difficult to match certain shades of color in dress goods with a Jersey. Having occasion last spring to match a shade of olive brown, I visited every shop of any size or note, in search of a Jersey of that particular shade, and could not find one. In such cases, there is no resort but to find something in dress goods for a new bodice, or to purchase some suitable contrasting color.

The first operation in altering dresses is to carefully rip them, and then to as carefully pick out all the stitches, and

brush off all the loose particles and dust.

A sharp, small penknife is useful in ripping, or yet a razor. When the sewing-room is properly supplied with utensils, an implement is specially kept for ripping purposes, and it is not allowed to get dull. It is a very miserable business trying to cut stitches with a knife whose edge is so dull that all attempt at the seam result only in hacking the threads apart.

In taking off buttons the silk or thread with which they are sewed on should be cut and picked out, without injury to the dress goods. I have seen women deliberately cut them out, taking with them a bit of the cloth, and then find that that very piece of goods was needful to use in alteration.

Buttonholes are best ripped by taking a small and very sharp pair of scissors and cutting off the worked edge. The threads can then be readily picked out, and by basting the holes together, the goods will be kept fit for use in some capacities, when if cut out, or the strip cut off, the goods might not work in so well in renovating.

A spot of tallow or paraffine on woolen goods can be taken out by an application of kerosene, the spot being washed out afterward, and dried with an iron on the wrong side.

Paint spots can be touched with a little oil or tallow, and removed entirely with chloroform.

Where the color has been taken out of goods, occasionally wiping the place with a sponge dipped in a little ammonia will restore it. This is not an infallible recipe for all colors on all goods, but sometimes useful and easily tried, no harm resulting from a failure.

Rusty black cashmere can sometimes be restored by soaking in strong borax water for a short time. It is then dried slightly, and pressed on the wrong side.

Wagon-grease can be taken out of woolen goods by rubbing in kerosene, and rinsing in warm soap-suds.

To take folds or creases out of woolen goods, dampen slightly on the wrong side and iron quickly.

Rusty black woolen goods can also be freshened by sponging with equal parts of ammonia and alcohol, diluted with a

little tepid water, or yet it can be soaked in warm soap-suds for a couple of hours, and then dipped in a solution of one ounce of extract of logwood to a pint of warm water, added to a couple of gallons of warm water. Let the goods stand in this solution some hours, and rinse well, adding some milk to the last water, iron while still damp, and on the wrong side.

Black silk can be sponged on the right side by a wash of equal parts of strong green tea and alcohol and then very lightly pressed on the wrong side, for much pressing adds a gloss to the silk. Or it can be sponged with clear hot coffee. Or yet with alcohol and water. Or again with a cloth dipped in water in which an old black kid glove has been boiled.

Glossy black silk can be lightly sponged off with cold water, and as lightly ironed with a damp cloth between the iron and the silk.

Grease can be taken from silk with magnesia, or a little powdered French chalk, or by ironing under a porous bit of brown paper, or by either benzine or chloroform.

Paint is taken out of silk by turpentine, and the spot is then rubbed with a little alcohol, lightly, however. Silk will not bear hard rubbing in cleaning.

Do not squeeze silks or wring them, but shake them lightly, and iron each piece as it is sponged off.

Colored silks can be rubbed with Indian meal, or with bread-crumbs, or with alcohol diluted with water. Some colored silks will bear washing in suds, but many will not, and it is wise to try a piece of the goods before venturing on a wholesale cleaning. A mixture of a quarter of a pound of soap, with a pint of gin is sometimes sponged over either side of the silk, rinsed out in clear cold water, and the goods ironed damp.

Velvet or plush can be steamed, and made to look quite fresh, by holding a flat-iron face up in the lap, and with a wet cloth steaming on the face pass the plush or velvet over, back down, and with a soft brush rub the nap briskly up.

Ribbons can be cleaned with benzine or with alcohol, and pressed on the wrong side.

Pongee and foulard silks can be washed in tepid water in which plenty of soap has been lathered. If rinsed well in clear water, mopped well, dried slightly, and

rolled very smoothly and tightly, and after lying some hours ironed on the wrong side, they will look very well.

Unless the dress goods is worn very much indeed, it pays to buy fresh linings. Worn thin spots should be cut out if possible, and places which must be darned had best be done with ravelings of the goods.

There is no dress lining equal to soft surah silk. It is elastic and gives to the figure, and will fit the form as no other lining can be made to do, and without any stiffness or tight-lacing will look like a glove upon the waist.

The drilling usually sold for dress-linings makes durable skirt foundations. Cambrics are sometimes used, and are cheap in price, but they soon become stringy, and leave the dress limp and oftentimes lopsided.

Exact measurements and care in cutting, are never more important in making over old goods than in making up new. For unless neatness and precision mark the gown, there is nothing to atone for the lack in the way of freshness of material. If work must be slighted somewhere, let it be in making a garment of plainer style, and not in well making that which is attempted. Dresses only basted, will not stand the wear and tear of constant use, but, if the basting is done with extreme precision the sewing by the aid of a machine can be made comparatively easy.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by soaking them in warm water a few hours, and then drying them.

All bodice seams should be opened and pressed over a bit of broomstick covered with flannel, if a regular French sleeve-board is not to be had. The edges are whip-stitched or neatly bound with narrow silk binding, which is sold expressly for the purpose. The small weights which hold the basque in place should be neatly covered.

In sewing on buttons, the twist ought to be wound several times around the eye, between the button and the dress, in order that the button may fit into the button-hole without straining the dress goods.

Collars are worn much lower this season than they have been, and lace finishes the neck of many handsome dresses.

The pretty chemisettes and fichus now worn enhance the possibilities of causing

old bodices to look well; and with a little tasteful trimming a good many dresses will hardly be recognized.

#### HOW TO ROAST MEAT.

**N**OT every housekeeper knows how to roast a piece of meat, and, indeed, there are some old ones who do not. When it seems fully necessary to wash a roast of beef, dry it carefully before placing in the oven, as browning almost instantly the cut side of the meat prevents the escape of the juices. As salt and water have a tendency to harden and toughen meat, basting is a process not to be recommended. In roasting meats of all kinds the method adopted should be the one that in the most perfect manner preserves the juices inside the meat. To roast beef in the best manner place the clean-cut side of the meat upon a smoking hot pan, which must be over a quick fire. Press it close to the pan until slightly browned. Reverse and let the opposite side become similarly brown. Then put at once in the oven, the heat of which should be firm and steady, but not too intense, and leave it undisturbed until cooked. The time that should be allowed for cooking beef in this manner is twenty minutes to the pound if it is to be under dressed, less half an hour deducted from the aggregate time on account of browning. In other words, a five-pound roast of beef will require an hour and one-half and so on. When the oven is at the proper temperature and the cooking is going on all right, the meat will keep up a gentle sputtering in the pan. If upon opening the oven-door this sputtering is not perceptible, more heat is required. But if in addition to the sputtering any smoke is discernible in the oven, the heat is too intense and should be lessened. Unless the heat of the oven is too great, the drippings in the pan will not burn and smoke, and when the meat is cooked there will be a thin coating of brown jelly in the pan where the meat rested, which by the addition of water will make a delicious gravy.

#### IDEAL HOUSEKEEPING.

**I**N the house of the ideal housekeeper everything is in order all the time. No dust is visible anywhere, fingermarks are not to be seen, the windows are always



clear as crystal, nothing is out of place, savory meals are served at stated hours, and all the table appointments are simply perfect; washing, ironing, scrubbing, and mending are regularly and promptly done. The ideal housekeeper, in addition to keeping her house in immaculate order from Sunday to Sunday and from May to May, in addition to spring cleaning and spring sewing, to autumn cleaning and autumn sewing, to putting up fruit, tending plants and rearing children, finds time for reading, painting, music, the study of the languages, and for society without neglecting the nurture of her own family. This is a beautiful picture, is it not? and many a woman in trying to realize it in her own case has laid herself in a premature grave, or made life a burden, release from which was gladly welcomed. "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment." The housewife is more than the house, and she owes it to herself and to her household so to adjust her work that care of herself and her household may be appropriately divided and applied. It is possible to pay too much for even gold, and it is possible to pay too high a price for immaculate housekeeping. The more we simplify our mode of living the easier does it become to live. There are those who prefer cobwebs in their houses to cobwebs in their minds, who prefer to polish their faculties rather than their silver, who choose embroidery for their intellects rather than for their garments, who enjoy elegant style in diction rather than in equipage. Those who have made their choice deliberately must not allow themselves to regret the absence of what they have not chosen.

#### EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMIES.

**M**ANY women who are extremely frugal in other things seem to have no idea of the value of time. Of their failures in this direction a friend gives a few examples:

"Do you not know many homes where the supply of cooking utensils is so unnecessarily limited that a good deal of time is daily wasted and much extra labor expended in preparing the meals by having to wash one saucepan in which to cook a second dish that could as well have been cooked with the same fire, and watched at

the same time as the first? Or a towel must do duty as strainer or colander, no account being made of the time required to wash the towel nor of its becoming worn or stained? Or a silver spoon is used to stir or lift food for the lack of iron or wooden ones? Why not afford such kettles and pans as are really needed for advantageous cooking and 'save' in some other department?

"Have you ever seen some busy housewife hanging out clothes on a cold, windy day taking off a clothes-pin each time a garment is added to the line, trying to make the pin hold two and sometimes three articles? Since good clothes-pins can be had for a nominal sum, it seems rather far-fetched saving to stand on the icy ground double the time really required to shake out and hang the clothes, and run the risk of taking cold while so doing.

"Could any arithmetician compute the number of half-hours spent in rearing a family of half-a-dozen children, in untying 'hard knots' in shoe-strings that are too short or so worn as to require tying in more than one place, and must again be untied before the little shoes can be taken off? Shoe-strings cost, it may be, only a few coppers. Could the hours which some mothers spend during one year alone in managing worn-out shoe-lacing in order to save a few cents, not better be utilized in doing some sewing or other work, by which enough could be earned to stock the family with shoe-strings for life?"

#### PAPER FLOWERS.

**P**APER flowers can be made so natural that, when put in proper places, they are not objectionable. A mass of pond lilies with their heavy green leaves and flexible stems laid under a mirror to be reflected in it, are quite as effective in point of beauty as the lovely flowers themselves. A birch bark basket of many hued pansies, with here and there a saucy leaf, can be not only beautiful but odorous by sprinkling orris-root powder in cotton in the bottom of the basket. Snow-balls with glossy foliage, when mounted on panels, are ornamental. A branch of dogwood in a dark corner is very effective and easily made. A jar of peonies (the rose-scented white ones) can

almost defy detection if a drop of oil of rose be put in cotton at the base of the pink seed vessels.

Leaves of all sorts may be made of waste leather from saddleries or harness shops, and cost but a trifle. The outline of the leaf should be marked on the leather with pencil, then gone over with some sharp instrument to leave the impress. Dip the leather in warm water. If thin, a moment will suffice, but if heavy, several minutes. Then, with a stout pair of scissors or sharp knife, cut out the leaf, always leaving the stem attached. With a round-pointed instrument, such as the head of a steel crochet hook, draw the veins in a natural manner, unless it be a rose leaf or something requiring fine, sharp lines. While the leaf is wet pull, curl, or roll it into a natural appearance (flat leaves are not natural), and put it to dry quickly near, but not in, the mouth of an oven. When dry paint with oil; if the leaves should be light like those of some hot-house roses, paint the leather white first. Pond lilies require very thick leather, so do magnolias; while quite thin leather is best for rose leaves, pansies, snow-balls, and dogwood. Hyacinths and peonies may be cut from thicker leather. Rubber stems may be had at most paper-flower shops, but the tubing sold for infants' nursing bottles is excellent for pond lily stems, and thick leather may be cut and rolled to answer at less expense.

#### THE LESSON OF DOING WITHOUT.

**T**HE crying sin of the day is dishonesty. One hears so much of it in public life; but as we have said, there is too

much of it altogether in private life. And its cause is to be found in the want of self-control in the indulgence of tastes and appetites. Reckless, extravagant living is at the bottom of it all. If this living had any true foundation in any hearty desire for any desirable things, there would be more hope of amendment. But when one comes to see what things ill-gotten gains are spent upon the outlook is a sad one. Dress, display, amusement, costly things bought just because they are costly; wealth won evilly, merely that it may be wasted foolishly; these are the signs of a time which is not a pleasant time to contemplate. If a man loves any one thing, say rare books, or pictures or objects of art of any kind, or music or science so well, that for the sake of that one thing in which he would be rich, he is willing to be poor in everything else, no matter though his choice be an unwise one according to the best standards of choice, he will yet have a motive which will help to keep him upright. But for those who love none of these things but simply desire them because it is the habit of the time; because like pampered children they must needs cry for whatsoever they see just out of their reach, for them is needed the wholesome self-discipline which shall teach them to let alone whatever is not theirs.

And the beginning of self-discipline is in the home. Parents must teach their boys and girls the great lesson of doing without whatever cannot be fitly theirs. There need be no niggardly restraint, but in some way the first lesson for childhood should be that of earning its pleasure; to get whatever it craves as soon as ever it asks for it, is the worst training a child can have.

**H**E SAW DOUBLE. He had not had too much—at least, he said so, and said it with indignant vehemence when accused by his friends. Finally one of his chums proposed that he should walk a chalk-line to prove his claim to sobriety—to which he eagerly consented. A line was drawn and he was placed at one end of it, and the referee cried "Go!" but he did not start. "Well, why don't you

move on?" asked the bystanders. He turned a pair of lack-lustre eyes on his tormentors and inquired with great impressiveness, "Which one of these lines do you fellers want me to walk?"

**N**EXT to moral weakness, a fear of difficulties to be met is undoubtedly the most unfortunate mental trait of any young person.

## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

*Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.*

### FOR THE "HOME" INVALIDS.

DEAR HOUSEKEEPERS:—Do any of you remember "Sister Mary" and her "blues"? She remembers you very pleasantly and gratefully, and has followed your fortunes in "Notes" from month to month, with ever-increasing interest, and now comes again to beg a hearing among you for a few moments.

Those "blues"? Well, they visit me now, occasionally, and I expect always will; but I have learned to fight them off bravely, and am learning yet. And it is one of my helps in this direction that I want to tell of. The idea is not my own; I found it in the columns of a little fifty-cent monthly, which paid me a "sample" visit last winter, but I have enlarged upon it and profited by it until it has grown so dear to me that I can keep it to myself no longer.

In the paper spoken of was a little "corner" devoted to the "shut-ins"—invalids who are shut in by incurable or chronic diseases from all outside pleasures, and depend upon reading, writing, and some light handwork for their "sunshine," and the suggestion was made that names of such invalids be printed, with their addresses, so that books, papers, letters, etc., could be sent them, to be forwarded from one to another when read. In this way a bond of sympathy would be established, and a new ray of happiness be given many a shadowed life.

Well, I caught at the idea; I had quantities of magazines, paper-bound books, papers and pamphlets in the house,

and one gloomy afternoon when I felt a little down-hearted, I did up an assortment in bundles of eight ounces each and mailed them, one each, to all the invalids I could hear or think of. You don't know how I enjoyed it; and I wasn't the only one, I am sure, for on some of the papers sent was my address slip, by means of which more than one letter full of honest, hearty thanks came back to me.

And then I fell to thinking of our "HOME" shut-ins, of which I am sure there must be some, though I hope not many. Among all the periodicals that visit our house the "HOME" is, to me, the dearest and best, and I naturally feel most deeply interested in its readers. Many of us have reading matter that we would gladly share with the invalids of our band who may not have so much as they would like, or would enjoy receiving papers, etc., from others, did we know where to send it; and right here comes in my suggestion: Let every "HOME" shut-in who would like to have a finger in this "pie" of mine, send in her name and address to our editor who, I am sure, will willingly keep a list of them and forward to those who may express their willingness to send reading matter.

"Who says 'I' first?" as the children say.

SISTER MARY.

["I"] The project is a very pleasant one, indeed, and we will gladly forward lists of invalids' names which may be sent us to those of the "HOME" band expressing their ability and willingness to send reading matter. And may we add to the suggestion? Let each one mailing reading matter send therewith a letter or postal giving the names and addresses of other shut-ins, thus promoting an exchange of books, papers, and magazines, possibly letters, certainly good-will and sympathy, among those whom the dread hand of disease has robbed of much that makes life worth the living.]

## HOME REMEDIES.

Recently one of the sisters requested a remedy for cold on the lungs. I hoped that some experienced nurse would present some new ideas for consideration, not prescribed by physicians, as we know that the best of them too often fail in arresting the progress of that dread disease—consumption—which generally commences with cold on the lungs. It should almost be regarded as a crime to leave a heated room for the open air in inclement weather without having suitable wraps and the feet well protected; but whatever the cause may be, when the first indications of sore throat, cold in the head, or pain in the chest are noticeable, then is the time to rout the enemy. The feet should be soaked in water as hot as can be borne until a comfortable warmth takes the place of the “hot flashes” and sudden chills. Heating—not merely warming—the feet for an hour or more will generally answer the same purpose.

Bathing the throat and forehead with strong liniment, fasting for two days, three doses of quinine taken at intervals of four hours—either of these remedies have been proved effectual in breaking up a cold if tried in season. For pain in the lungs apply mustard plasters. Onion syrup is excellent for coughs, both for children and adults: Inhaling hot vinegar will relieve hoarseness and croup. Take small doses of salt for blood-spitting, applying hot flannels. A vial of drops from the physician should, however, be kept on hand by those subject to these attacks. If a cough lingers do not delay but give it prompt and serious attention. I am satisfied that the “compound oxygen” treatment will cure a cough after it has assumed a grave form.

Hoping that we may hear from others on this subject I will close with a few simple but well-tried recipes. For summer complaint, cramp, etc., one-half teaspoonful each of salt and pepper mixed; repeat every half-hour. The top of a weed known as “colt’s tail,” made into a tea is excellent for the same complaints, and flux, especially for children. For sprains or swellings apply warm poultices of tansy, steeped with bread and milk. Linwood poultices (take the inside bark) are good for inflamed flesh surrounding burns

or other sores; wormwood, steeped in vinegar, is also good for poultices.

AUNT HOPE.

[The remedial properties of hoarhound and thoroughwort, or boneset, in case of severe colds, are well known to all who depend largely on simple home curatives, but we wonder how many are aware that a strong decoction of the common mullein, sweetened to taste and boiled to a syrup, if desired, is a most excellent remedy for colds? Many physicians of experience treat pneumonia with lard and snuff, made in a paste, spread on a cloth, and applied to the chest, and we are able to give personal indorsement to the virtue of lard and salt spread as described, sprinkled with mustard, and applied.]

## A BIT OF COLOR.

I have just seen an old-fashioned kitchen chair so dressed up that it seemed like a spot of sunshine in the room where it was placed. The wood-work of the chair was painted a bright yellow, the seat was upholstered with crazy-work of woolen pieces, having fancy stitches worked on the seams with bright yellow worsted, and a piece of handsome worsted fringe was tacked on across the front. This chair was in the sitting-room of a farm-house and as the furnishings of the room were rather dull, the bright yellow was just the bit of color to relieve the gloom. It would not, of course, look well in every room.

I have seen many of these chairs “fixed up;” one painted a bronze-green with gold lines in suitable places, and with cushion and head-rest of garnet plush, was very handsome. Any old-fashioned chair, if whole and in good order, may be thoroughly scraped with glass to remove the paint, sand-papered smooth, stained or painted in any chosen color, and with the addition of pretty though inexpensive cushion and stuffed or padded back be made very attractive and comfortable. I find that the bringing forth and ornamenting of cast aside and once despised old-style furniture gives great pleasure to the old people. They are sure to admire the painting, varnishing, and gilding of their old friends, although, as one dear old grandma said, “I’d somehow almost rather see ’em fixed up just as they used to be.”

MRS. A. L. N.



## SOMETHING ABOUT MY NEIGHBOR.

Now, dear "HOME" housekeepers, don't say "Turn her out!" until you hear what I have to say. I don't believe in talking about one's neighbors more than you do, but this one of mine—well, if you could see and know her as I do, you wouldn't blame me a bit. She is a dear, white-haired old lady, and she has learned me more about housekeeping than I could have learned in a dozen years without her help; and it is some of the "little helps" she has given me that I feel I ought to "pass along."

My neighbor always cleans her windows with whiting dissolved in a little alcohol, applying with a bit of flannel, rubbing off with a dry cloth, and polishing with tissue paper.

When paring apples she always, having first wiped the fruit, puts all the clean, undecayed peelings and cores in her preserving kettle, pours on water until it can be seen, then boils the "fruit" until soft, strains off the juice and makes jelly of it, or if making apple sauce, sometimes adds the juice to that. She says she would as soon think of throwing away the apples themselves as the parings, so much of the flavor of the fruit lies in the latter.

My neighbor never uses a feather duster, which she says only drives the dust from one part of the room to another. She has a half-dozen cheese-cloth dusters, one yard in each, which she keeps as clean as she does her bath towels. When she uses one she dampens it the least bit, and shakes it frequently from window or door, opened just enough to let her hand through. A damp cloth, she says, is the housekeeper's most efficient weapon in fighting dust.

To drink the tea my neighbor brews is a treat; because she washes, wipes, and thoroughly dries her agate teapot, heats it, puts in the quantity of tea needed, and pours over it boiling water, which has been freshly drawn and brought to the boiling point as quickly as possible; then she covers the teapot with a "cozy" to keep in all the steam, places it back on the range, and in six or eight minutes, at most, the tea is ready. It is never allowed to boil. My neighbor says this is the only way to get the flavor of tea, yet she has

seen many good housekeepers who boil their tea as they would eggs!

My neighbor always has a shining stove, yet she does not black it all over more than once in four or five weeks, then she does it thoroughly and after that takes care of it. She has a quantity of old paper in a convenient place, with a piece of which she wipes off at once any grease which may be spilled on it; every morning she goes over such parts as need "rubbing up" with the brush, dampened a little, and such spots as will not yield to other means she removes with a bit of flannel wet in kerosene.

Have I said enough? But this isn't half of what my neighbor has taught me, and if this is acceptable I will come again with another budget.

SISTER CICELY.

[We shall be very glad to have you do so. Although, doubtless, many older housekeepers have already profited by such "little helps," there are yet others and younger ones who will be grateful for them.]

## FOR THE CHILDREN'S LUNCH.

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—Now that the schools are beginning again, everywhere, what shall we give our small men and women for their mid-day lunch, at school? They should have food they can relish, something to tempt the appetite which, after the first few weeks, is apt to grow very capricious, but food, too, which is digestible and nourishing, and will help to keep the growing body and brain in good working trim.

Do not allow the children to depend upon the bakeshop or candy and fruit-stand for their lunches. Of course, it is far easier to give a child five cents and say, "There, dear, take that and get something at the bakery which you can relish." But ten to one the child will buy a greasy mince turnover or slice of rich fruit cake than to eat either of which it would be better to dispense with lunch entirely. A home-made apple turnover or slice of plain, delicate cake is another thing.

Sandwiches are always relishable for lunch if well prepared. The bread, white and light, should be a day old, the slices

out even, smooth, and as thin as possible and be firm, and buttered lightly; the meat, too, whether beef, ham, turkey or whatever, should be sliced very thin. Fruit is nice, and no lunch-basket should be without its complement of apples, pears, grapes, oranges, etc., each in its season and as it can be obtained. A child should not, however, be allowed to make an entire lunch on fruit.

Try to make a change frequently and let the change be a surprise. Leave the meat out of the sandwich one day and spread the trim slices with jam or jelly before putting them together. If you have eggs which you know are fresh, boil one or two until hard, place in cold water a moment, slip off the shells; then when cold slice carefully, spread with a very little butter, put together again, and if your little people are any like mine the eggs will not come home in the basket.

Children think a great deal of the looks of anything. Try to make the lunch attractive to the eye as well as the taste. Buy a half-dozen red-bordered, fringed napkins, just for school use. Don't jumble the food into the basket as it happens. Arrange it as it will be wanted—bread on top, then cake, then fruit. Take pains, and let the children know it. It won't hurt them, they'll love you all the more.

MRS. L. N.

RECIPES APPROVED BY "HOME" HOUSE-KEEPERS.

DEAR "HOME:"—A friend kindly subscribed for me this year, so the dear Magazine comes each month to cheer the life of a helpless invalid. Trusting a few recipes will be acceptable I send them.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup each of molasses and sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, pinch of salt, tablespoonful of vinegar, flour to roll. My little girl makes these frequently, and I have her sift the soda and salt with the flour. We do not use spices, although they might be added if liked.

CREAM PIE.—One cup of sour cream, one egg, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar; bake with two crusts.

ANOTHER DISH.—Serve thin slices of thick, sour milk with plenty of sugar and sweet cream. Sister Hattie's sour milk

cheese is particularly nice flavored with dry, sifted sage.

A. E. C.

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—I would like to thank you all for the help received from "HOME" Notes, and know of no better way than to send some of my own recipes, trusting that others will be benefited by them.

SWEET CORN FRITTERS.—Shave the corn from six ears; mash well (I use a wooden potato-masher for the purpose), add two well beaten eggs and a little salt, and fry in a well-buttered frying pan, the same as pancakes.

WILTED CABBAGE.—One small head of cabbage chopped fine, sprinkle over it a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar; place in a vessel on the stove a cupful of sweet cream; when hot, stir in a well-beaten egg, then pour over the cabbage; heat a cupful of vinegar to boiling, pour over the cabbage, stir well, and it is done. This is nice either hot or cold.

A nice way to prevent the juice boiling out of berry pies is to stir an egg in with the berries before filling the crust. If the fruit is very juicy use one egg for each pie.

MAY L.

HARVESTERS' PUDDING.—Two eggs, one cup each of sour cream and butter-milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water, half-teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teacups of preserved black currants, flour to thicken to the consistency of fruit cake; steam two hours and serve with sweetened cream or milk. Of course, fresh berries or other fruit, either preserved or fresh, may be used in place of the currants.

J. H. H.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—One large cup stewed and sifted apple, one cup sugar, yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter; bake with one crust, the same as any custard pie; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; spread on the top after the pie is done, and put back in the oven to brown a few moments.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Pare, core, and slice large, tart apples. Make a batter of two cups of flour, sifted with two tea-

spoonfuls of baking-powder and a pinch of salt, one cup of rich, sweet milk, and two well-beaten eggs. Dip each slice of apple in this batter and fry in hot lard, rolling in powdered sugar while hot.

ELISE A. A.

**FISH CHOWDER.**—Cut a large slice of salt, fat pork in small pieces and fry brown in the bottom of your kettle. Have ready three to five pounds of fish, according to the size of your family; the first-named quantity is sufficient for family of four, six or eight potatoes, pared and sliced, and crackers. Place a layer of fish in the kettle, then potatoes, then split crackers, seasoning with salt and pepper. Continue these alternate layers until the ingredients are used, letting the last layer be of crackers, sprinkled with bits of butter. Pour on enough boiling water to come up around the edge; cover close, and boil half an hour. Five minutes before serving pour in a pint of milk in which a tablespoonful of flour is smoothly mixed. Salt fish, freshened, may be used for this.

MRS. A. J. PIPER.

#### NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have missed the "HOME" MAGAZINE but three years for more than a score of them, and I assure you I did miss it. I am glad you are willing to allow a little space for exchanges, and right here wish to thank Mrs. G. A. Clark for her seeds. I have an abundance of double poppies of all shades, from red to pink, and plum-color, also five colors of larkspur, five or six colors of bachelor's buttons, red catchfly, "lady-in-green," Mexican shell flower (very odd), yellow four o'clocks, and sage seed. I want double white poppy, double hollyhock, scabiosa, or mourning bride, pink and verbena seeds, and hyacinth bulbs. Our three dry summers hurt gardens so much that I have lost many of my choicest varieties, and when I tell you that I have suffered for thirty-seven years from neuralgia you may imagine how much comfort I take among my flowers. As a rule I do not do well with seeds that I buy, and I thoroughly appreciate the opportunity so kindly allowed us for exchanging.

JANE H. HOLLINGWORTH.

NORTH PRAIRIE, WIS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I wonder if any of the "HOME" housekeepers could give me a recipe for black walnut imitation (stain), which would not be expensive, and which I could obtain in a country town. Please do not tell me anything very high-priced, as I shall want quite a quantity and do not wish to pay very much for it. I could go on and tell you how highly I prize the "HOME" and its "Notes," but fear it would be "a chestnut."

A. W. WILLIS.

[Good wishes and words of appreciation, if deserved, can hardly be too often repeated, do you think? For a cheap walnut stain dissolve gum asphaltum in turpentine, proportioning the two ingredients as the stain is wanted dark or light, the more turpentine added, the lighter the stain will be. A little Indian red may be added to produce the brown tint. These ingredients you should be able to find at any paint store, the proprietor of which will doubtless mix them for you in the correct proportions, if desired to do so.

How many of the "HOME" housekeepers, I wonder, remember the "crust coffee" their mothers used to make, and how delicious it was on a cold morning? My mother always used to make it of brown-bread crusts, and that on Saturday mornings; when preparing for the new bread, she thriftily wanted to use up the old. So the left-over brown-bread crusts and fragments were well toasted, put in a little cheese-cloth bag, placed in the coffee-pot with boiling water, and allowed to steep until the goodness was out of the bread. With a little cream and sugar—why, I can taste it now! It is very nice to put in one-third to one-half milk and let scald up. These old-fashioned dishes haven't lost their relish yet, as the little people (and big ones, too) of our household can testify. Let us have more of them.

GRANDMAMMA.

THE nobler a man truly is, the stronger is his desire to live a yet richer and worthier life; the more valuable his work, the more earnestly does he long to improve upon it.

## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### PAPER AND ENVELOPE SACHET.

**T**HIS is a useful contrivance for traveling. It is made in blue satin, and

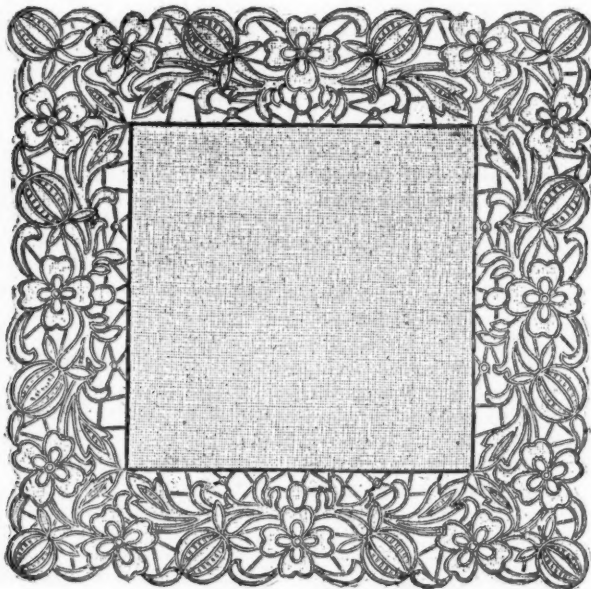
is a doily embroidered in what is frequently known as cut-work, although it has several high-sounding titles, such as Richelieu, Guipure, and Roman embroi-



PAPER AND ENVELOPE SACHET.

the birds and flowers may be either embroidered or painted.

dery. Linen, linen thread, neat and careful workmanship, combined with a fair



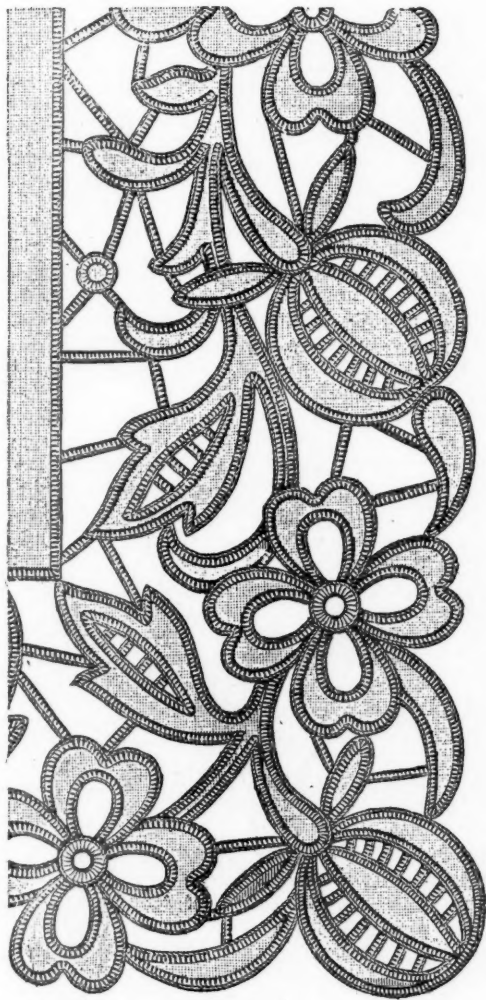
A.

**A**NOTHER and very charming little piece of work is shown in A. This amount of patience are all the materials required for this work. The enlarged



portion of the pattern given in the Detail B shows exactly half one side, and a corner, so that the extreme size of the doily can readily be measured. The pattern must be marked upon the linen by pounce-

this alone. The outlines of the pattern should be followed first with evenly-run stitches, as in *Broderie Anglaise*, in order that they may be set up well above the background. A very sharp pair of scis-



B.

ing, or by the aid of transferring paper, hints for the use of which have frequently been given in these columns. The only stitch employed is buttonhole stitch, even the bars and circles, being worked with

sors should be used to cut away the linen behind the design after the work is all finished, the cutting being taken as near the buttonhole stitches as is possible without snipping them. The work may be

done in colors if preferred, flax threads having a particularly good effect in this class of embroidery.

#### HANGING WORK-BAG.

**B**AG in old pink plush, embroidered in gold with a dolphin, the triangular opening being edged with a gold cord, entwined with pink chenille. It is finished off on one side with a knot of cord, and on the other with a cluster of ribbon loops, the latter harmonizing with the gathered pocket in brocaded silk or satin.



HANGING WORK-BAG.

#### HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

**T**HE foundation is cream satin, and the birds are in relief. Like the ivy leaves that form a frame round them, they are hand-embroidered. The lining is quilted and scented.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

**C**ONSUMERS are familiar with the word "Eleme" stamped on fig-boxes. Thirty or forty years ago this term had a meaning attached to it. It corresponded to what in the butter trade is called

"Firsts." "Eleme" is merely "selected." But language has come to be applied as loosely in Smyrna as in London itself, and all sorts of figs except the very worst sort are now branded "Eleme."

## FASHION NOTES.

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**T**HIS cloak, specially designed by our artist, shows a garment which completely covers the figure, and yet looks smart. It is made of thin fawn-colored

1009

tweed, the hanging sleeves being closely plaited. The neckband and ribbon strings are of rich bright brown.

panels only half way down the skirt; white cuffs and vest. The trimming is of black ribbon velvet woven with diamond-



The first dress on this page is a fine gray cashmere, with three white silk

shaped openings, and lined with white silk. The hat and veil show the very



latest style in Paris. The other dress is of pale green armure silk, embroidered

The two pretty toilettes on this page are the latest developments of fashion. That



with black floss silk and braid. The top part of the sleeve is quite a new feature.

on the left hand was made of dove-colored Irish poplin, with a white vest and front

of the same material, overlaid by a piece of black silk embroidery on net, while smaller trimmings of the same kind are laid on the bodice and sleeves. The other dress is a fine beige cloth trimmed with the black passementerie which, when carefully stitched, simulates braiding, but has none of its inconveniences.



This is a charming and simple little frock in sailor-style which is suitable either for washing material or for serge,

and may be copied in various combinations.

Our design is a mixture of plain and striped galatea, a broad band of the latter being sewn all round the skirt, and the yoke and long cuffs also made from the stripe.

The body part simulates a yoke blouse, which is arranged on a shaped lining, and opens down the front; but if the frock is preferred in two parts, the skirt may be fixed to the body-lining, and the blouse made up unlined.

#### HOW TO ARRANGE A FASHIONABLE SKIRT.

LOOKING back to the fashions of only a year ago, it is astonishing the difference we find in shape and form, although in the actual make the changes are so small and apparently trivial that only the shrewd observer or the clever dresser perceives how the alteration is effected.

If we now put on a skirt made twelve months since, it has a terribly old-fashioned appearance, and those who know little of home dressmaking are puzzled indeed to account for the effect; but the change may be summed up in a few words.

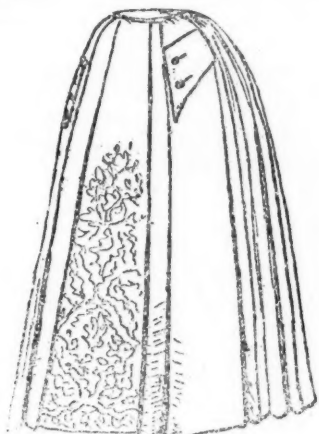
Quite recently it was fashionable to have straight plain sides and a draped front, and the back was arranged to stand out in a small *bunch* beyond the figure, this starting from the waist in a rounded curve, and from thence to fall in a sloping line to the ground.

Now the fashion has totally changed, and the back is hardly much rounder than the front—in fact, if one can picture in the “mind’s eye” the wooden figures in the Noah’s Ark of our childhood’s days this gives the identical shape which is desirable if we would have that indescribable style which savors of *la monde*.

Naturally, the foundation must be well cut; but, strange to say, this is slightly wider at the front and sides than heretofore. But then it must be remembered that previously we had draperies which added to the width, and required a straight foundation, and now we have flat ones which need a more expansive skirt.

Draperies are all very straight; but, necessarily, there is much variety, and

we hope to give several of the leading styles in rotation, as these may help amateurs who are commencing their winter gowns.



No. 1.

A very compact little model is shown by our diagram, and one which may be varied by the introduction of contrasting material, or trimmed differently to our sketch; or the front may be slightly draped by two or three very small upward plaits on either side, or it may be set in flat kilts or plaits from the waist—say three on either side—and drawn very closely together at the top.

Our diagram shows a skirt of navy-blue serge, with the front width braided in panel fashion, but not quite to the waist. There are two pockets made with long front edges forming a point, and on these fronts are large fancy buttons in blue and gold.

Now, having prepared your foundation skirt, and edged it with the inevitable small kilt, without which it would appear poor and bare, you place it on a skirt-stand, tie back the strings, and then proceed to arrange your draperies.

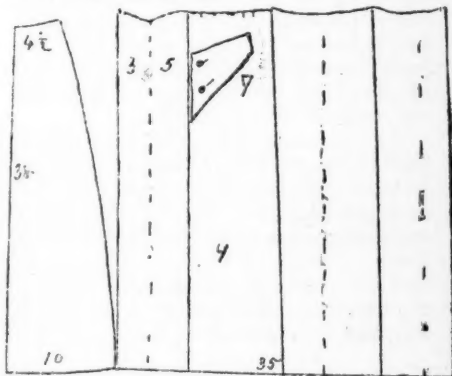
The back is put on last of all, but we will take that first, as it is made of three long entire widths of twenty-five or twenty-seven inches wide; or of one and a half widths of forty-eight or fifty inches; or of four widths of only eighteen or twenty inches.

These are cut to the length of the foundation, allowing two inches for bot-

tom hem, and one inch for the top turn, as I need hardly remark that our diagrams show the parts as ready for use, and do not allow for seams or turnings.

First join and press the seams of the back drapery, then hem the sides and bottom edge, and gather the top in coarse gathers which draw up to about six inches for a small waist, or seven inches for a full one, and eight inches for a stout figure.

Our diagram is intended for a figure of medium height, with waist from twenty-two to twenty-four inches; but for a twenty-five to twenty-seven inch waist you need only add quarter inch to each front and side gore seam, or half inch for a very full stout figure, so that our diagram will equally serve as a guide for the small or the very full figure.



No. 2.

Turning to diagram No. 2, we find the shape of the front and side draperies with their accurate measurements for a medium figure. The half only of the front is given, which is thirty-eight inches long in the centre and twenty inches broad at the bottom edge, this sloped upward until it measures only eight inches.

The front is cut entirely in one piece, and each side is also made entire, but unless cut from double-width stuff, two widths must be joined to obtain the requisite breadth.

The front is tacked lightly down each side and along the top, but the lower edge of all these parts hangs perfectly loose. On the right-hand of the diagram we show the method of folding the sides, which are quite straight before being attached to the foundation.

The side measures thirty-five inches across, when hemmed or folded at front and bottom edges; the side toward back may be left as cut, for it goes beneath the back drapery.

The disconnected lines denote the inner folds of the plaits, and the straight lines the outer folds; thus the first plait is five inches to the inner fold, and five inches to the next one just at the top, but here they are set closely, and at the bottom are allowed to spring out rather more.

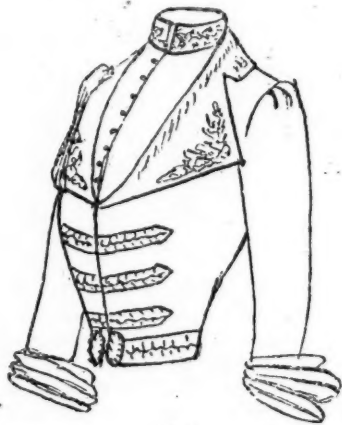
The box-plait is nine inches at lower edge, and seven inches at top, and even then it is slightly "eased" or gathered to the band, as also are the plaits after they are tacked in position.

When this box-plaited side, with its two deep plaits on either side, is carefully fixed, the pocket is sewn on to the top fold of the box-plait, and not through to foundation, and the skirt is ready for the back drapery, the sides of this being slip-stitched down over the raw edge at the side, and the skirt is complete.

Amateurs should bear in mind that a skirt has to stand hard wear, and nothing looks so slatternly as unfastened or disarranged draperies; therefore make a few overcast-stitches down the sides of the draperies at spaces of every few inches, and sew a band of thin silk galloon over the top edges, which are much better left raw, and then covered, as they add less to

and is extremely simple. The front lining is cut as a short-pointed bodice, which is faced with serge as far back as the second bosom gore, and then tacked to the over-part, which is in jacket form, with one bosom gore joined separately from the lining.

This may be braided to match the skirt shown, or for a plain skirt may be trimmed with dark blue tinsel galloon, with the same in a narrow width out-lining cuffs and puff.



No. 4.

Another bodice which is equally appropriate for the skirt shown in this number is in "Directoire" fashion, with a short-banded waist, and is most piquant in style.

The front is made in one, as the ordinary plain bodice, but a V-shaped piece of the material is cut out, and the lining here is faced with crimson or drab habit cloth, and broad lapels to match this vest are turned back on the bodice, and these are braided or left plain.

Below there are straps of braid or galloon, whichever is used on the skirt, but broad military braid is very effective, particularly on blue serge with crimson vest and lapels and small gilt buttons to fasten the vest part, when there is quite an "Incroyable" air about the bodice.

The sleeves are raised at the top, and fit the arm closely, and do not reach within four inches of the wrist, where they are finished with a folded cuff of serge, and long, ruffled gloves are worn.



No. 3.

the bulk of the figure if finished in this fashion.

The bodice shown by diagram 3 is quite suitable to wear with our model skirt,







DECEMBER.

